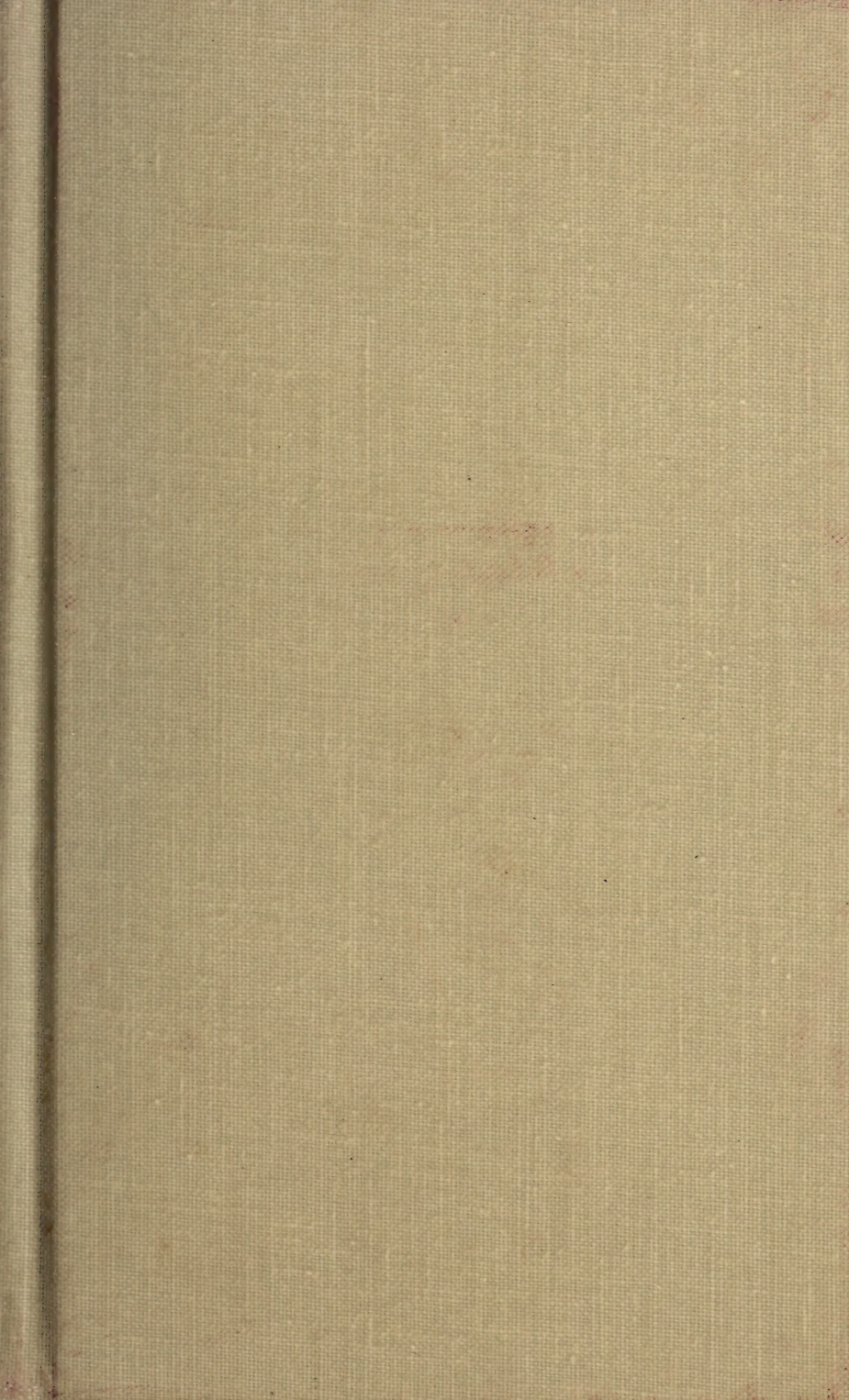
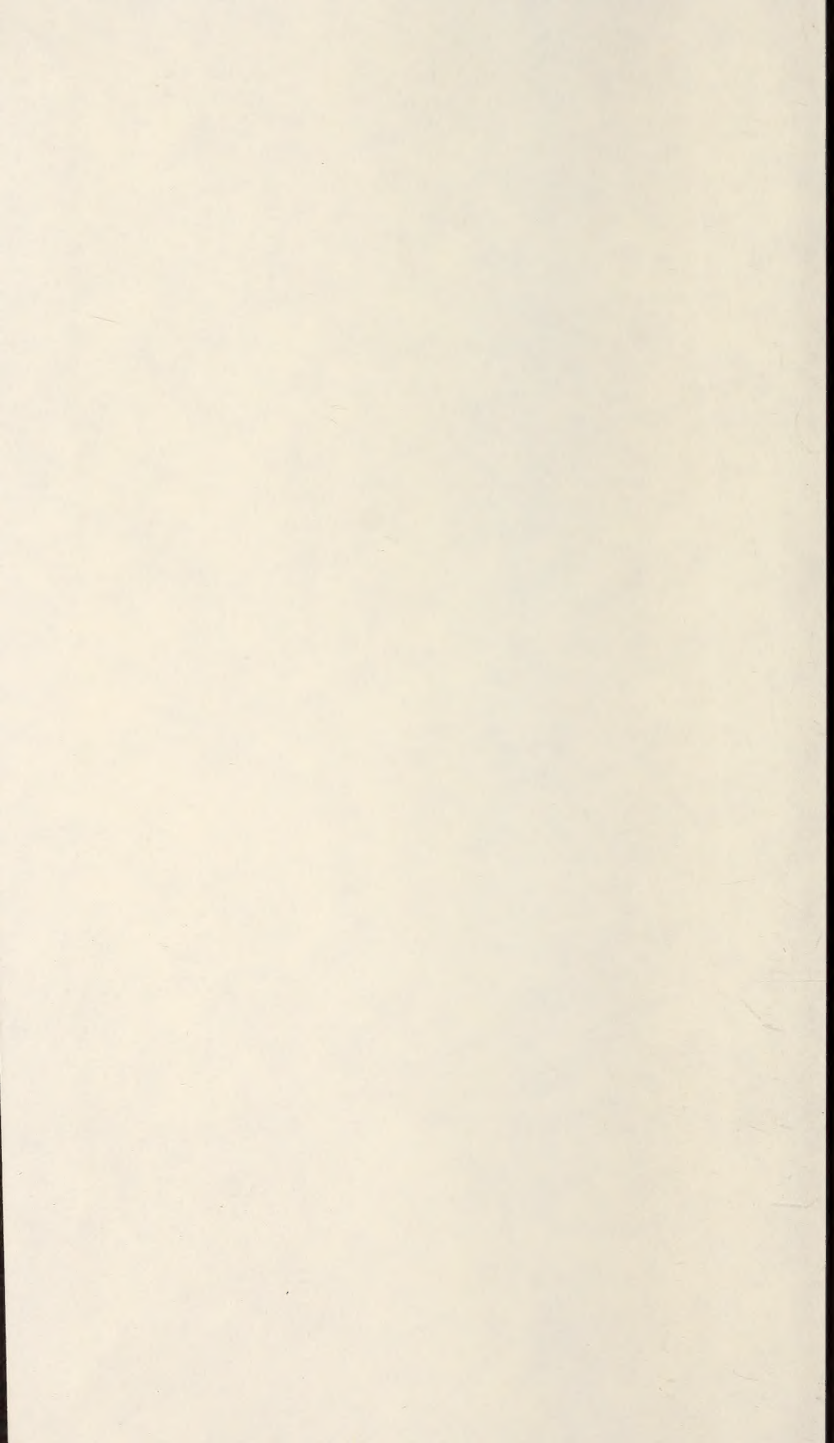












PSALMS AND HYMNS

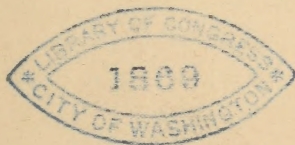
#7077.6
OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

EMBRACING

THE PRAYER-BOOK COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS
THE ADDITIONAL HYMNS, AND SELECTIONS FROM
"HYMNS, ANCIENT AND MODERN," AND
"HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME."

AS AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION.



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1869.
c

"BY the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in Convention, this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two; this book of Psalms in Metre, selected from the Psalms of David, with Hymns, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all congregations of the said Church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister.

"And it shall be the duty of every Minister of any church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the portions of Psalms which are to be sung.

"And further, it shall be the duty of every Minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary."

SELECTIONS

FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN METRE

SELECTION 1. C. M.

From the i. Psalm of David.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,

Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;

Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways ;
To happiness they tend :
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

SELECTION 2. C. M.

From the ii. Psalm of David.

THUS God declares his sovereign will :
" The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree :
"Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee."
- 3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
Thine shall the heathen be ;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."
- 4 Learn then, ye princes ; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth ;
Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 5 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay :
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.
- 6 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame !
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

SELECTION 3. C. M.

From the iii. Psalm of David.

- T**HOU, gracious God, art my defence
On thee my hopes rely :
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.
- 2 Since whenso'er, in my distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill ;
Why should I now despair ?
- 3 Guarded by him, I lay me down
My sweet repose to take ;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
- 4 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
He only can defend ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

His blessing he extends to all
That on his power depend.

SELECTION 4. C. M.

From the iv. Psalm of David.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice ;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

3 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to God on high ;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On him alone rely.

4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest ;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

SELECTION 5. C. M.

From the v. Psalm of David.

REGARD my words, O gracious Lord,
Accept my secret prayer ;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

- 3 Lord, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Tow'rd thy most holy place.
- 4 Let those, O Lord, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st
And all that love thy Name.
- 5 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

SELECTION 6. S. M.

From the vi. Psalm of David.

IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

- 2 Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed
O let that Spirit heal.
- 3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?
- 4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy Name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?
- 5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 7. C. M.

From the viii. Psalm of David.

- O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;
- 4 O, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?
- 5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 6 They jointly own his powerful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.
- 7 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

SELECTION 8. C. M.

From the ix. Psalm of David.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
- 4 All those who have his goodness proved
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.
- 5 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

SELECTION 9. C. M.

From the xi. Psalm of David.

- T**HE Lord a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above ;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.
- 2 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect !
- 3 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower ;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.
- 4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 10. C. M.

From the xiii. Psalm of David.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
Must I for ever mourn ?

How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh ! never to return ?

- 2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light ;
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.
- 3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come ; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend ;
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

SELECTION 11. L. M.

From the xiv. Psalm of David.

THE Lord look'd down from heaven's high
And all the sons of men did view, [tower,]
To see if any own'd his power,
If any truth or justice knew ;

- 2 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degenerate grown, and base ;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.
- 3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake !
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.
- 4 Oh, that from Sion he'd employ
His might, and burst th' oppressive band !
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 12. C. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?
- 2 'T is he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart rejects.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
- 6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

SELECTION 13. C. M.

From the xvi. Psalm of David.

MY grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light ;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 I strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.
- 3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Waked by his powerful voice.
- 4 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
 The least corruption see.
- 5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

SELECTION 14.

From the xviii. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

- NO change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty power :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee I will address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
 To various paths of human kind ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shalt justice show ;
The pure thy purity shall see :
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
- 4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend ?
- 5 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest !
To highest heavens his name be raised,
Who me with his salvation bless'd !
- 6 My God, to celebrate thy fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise ;
And nations, strangers to thy Name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

SELECTION 15.

From the xix. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 'T is nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.
- 5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes ;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd ;
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give :
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
- 6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all !

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.
- 8 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest ;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

SELECTION 16. S. M.

From the xx. Psalm of David.

- M**AY Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress ;
Our succour from his temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless !
- 2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give !
- 3 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare ;
Our banner in thy Name we raise —
“ The Lord fulfil our prayer ! ”
- 4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend ;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.
- 5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in God's right hand :
Lo ! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise, and upright stand.
- 6 Still save us, Lord ; and still
Thy servants deign to bless :
Hear, King of heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 17.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint ?
Oh ! why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint ?
- 2 Lo ! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth ;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.
- 3 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey ;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head
And thus deriding say :
- 4 " In God he trusted, boasting oft
That he was Heaven's delight ;
Let God come down to save him now,
And his own favourite."
- 5 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh ;
O send me help ! thy help, on which
Alone I can rely.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 LIKE water is my life pour'd out,
My joints are out of frame ;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.
- 2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parch'd with drought ,
And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.
- 3 Like dogs, to compass me, my foes
In wicked council meet ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- They pierced my inoffensive hands,
They pierced my harmless feet.
- 4 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told ;
Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.
- 5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast :
Therefore, O leave me not, my God,
But to my succour haste.

PART III. C. M.

- 1 LORD, to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name ;
In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim :
- 2 " Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.
- 3 " He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye ;
Nor turn'd from misery his face,
But hears its humble cry."
- 4 Thus in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.
- 5 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 'T is his supreme prerogative
O'er all mankind to reign ;
'T is just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.
- 8 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess ;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous patron bless.
- 9 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort ;
That power which first their being gave,
Alone can them support.
- 10 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their adoring sons his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

SELECTION 18. C. M.

From the xxiii. Psalm of David.

- T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

SELECTION 19. C. M.

From the xxiv. Psalm of David.

THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is ;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

- 2 He framed and fix'd it on the seas ;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.
- 3 But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd ;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down ;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod ;
And such the proselytes that seek
Thy face, O Jacob's God.
- 7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory : see ! he comes
With his celestial train.
- 8 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord, for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty ; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 9 Erect your heads, ye gates ; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory : see ! he comes
With all his shining train.
- 10 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

SELECTION 20. S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm of David.

- T**O God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice :
Oh let me not be put to shame,
Nor let thy foes rejoice.
- 2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend ;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
- 3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way ;
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.
- 4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.
- 9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.
- 10 Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.
- 11 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.
- 12 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind ;
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

SELECTION 21. C. M.

From the xxvi. Psalm of David.*

- J**UDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod ;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.
- 2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go ;

* *Extract from the Journal of the General Convention, 1832.*

Resolved, As the sense and declaration of this Convention, that so much of the rubrics in the Form of Consecration of a Church or Chapel as requires the singing of "Psalm 26, verses 6, 7, and 8," will hereafter be duly complied with by singing verses 2 and 3, in the selection from the 26th Psalm, included in the Psalms in Metre authorized by these resolutions to be set forth.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

- 3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels ;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

SELECTION 22. C. M.

From the xxvii. Psalm of David.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light ?
Since strongly he my life supports
What can my soul affright ?

- 2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire ;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will enquire.
- 3 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress ;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.
- 4 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise ;
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
- 5 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject ;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
- 6 Though all of nearest earthly ties,
Me, in my woe, forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
- 7 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide ;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 8 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd ;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.
- 9 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength : do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

SELECTION 23. C. M.

From the xxviii. Psalm of David.

- A**DORED for ever be the Lord ;
His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.
- 2 He is my strength and shield ; my heart
Has trusted in his Name ;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.
- 3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.
- 4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve ;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

SELECTION 24. L. M.

From the xxix. Psalm of David.

- Y**E that in might and power excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare ;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.
- 2 To his great Name fresh altars raise ;
Devoutly due respect afford ;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state adored.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 'T is he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks ;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
- 4 How full of power his voice appears !
With what majestic terror crown'd !
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.
- 5 God rules the angry floods on high ;
His boundless sway shall never cease ;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

SELECTION 25. C. M.

From the xxx. Psalm of David.

- I**N my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth
My hopeless life retrieve.
- 2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.
- 3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay ;
The night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.
- 4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse ;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

SELECTION 26. S. M.

From the xxxi. Psalm of David.

- D**EFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee ;
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send ;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
- 3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.
- 4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose ;
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.
- 5 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all ;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
- 6 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose ;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.
- 7 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim !
- 8 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue ;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.
- 9 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed ;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

SELECTION 27. L. M.

From the xxxii. Psalm of David.

HE'S blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

- 2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound :
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
- 4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

SELECTION 28.

From the xxxiii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet ;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
- 5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand :

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

For, when he spake the word, 't was made,
'T was fix'd at his command.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 **W**HATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.
- 2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known !
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.
- 3 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is he :
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
- 4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

SELECTION 29.

From the xxxiv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
 - 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name :
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, ye children of the Lord,
And my instruction hear ;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.
- 2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free :
- 3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue ;
Establish peace, where 't is begun,
And where 't is lost, renew.
- 4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes ;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries :
- 5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their evil name.
- 6 Deliverance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

- 7 Great troubles may afflict the just,
Yet God will save them still ;
The righteous he will keep from harm,
And guard from every ill.
- 8 The wicked, from their wickedness,
Their ruin shall derive ;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.
- 9 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend ;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

SELECTION 30. L. M.

From the xxxvi. Psalm of David.

- O** LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends ,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day ;
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 31.

From the xxxvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise ;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

- 2 Depend on God, and him obey ;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want :
Make his commands thy chief delight ;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
- 3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design :
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.
- 4 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor envy the success of crime :
For God will sinful men destroy ;
While they his presence shall enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.

PART II. II. 2.

- 1 **T**HE good man's way is God's delight :
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command ;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days :
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.
- 3 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand ;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves ;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART III. II. 2.

- 1 THE wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round :
But he was gone as swift as thought ;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
- 2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are ;
Their roughest days in peace shall end :
While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.
- 3 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord,
Their strength in time of need is he :
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

SELECTION 32. C. M.

From the xxxviii. Psalm of David.

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.
- 2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.
- 3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.
- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

SELECTION 33. C. M.

From the xxxix. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 't will be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 6 O spare me yet a little time ;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

SELECTION 34. L. M.

From the xl. Psalm of David.

- I** WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply ;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.
- 2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.
- 3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies ;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.
- 4 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought !
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.
- 5 I've learnt that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.
- 6 I therefore come — come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart :
'T is my delight to do thy will ;
Thy law is written in my heart.
- 7 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large :
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge ;
- 8 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace :

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

But preach'd thy love, for all design'd
That all might that and truth embrace.

- 9 Then all those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me ;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

SELECTION 35. C. M.

From the xli. Psalm of David.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd !
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd :
" Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd."
- 5 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace ;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.
- 6 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd ;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

SELECTION 36. C. M.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"
- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

SELECTION 37. II. 5.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

- A**S pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.
- 2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening
soul,
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppress'd?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.
- 3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

- 4 Why faint, my soul ? why doubt Jehovah's aid ?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove ;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid :
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

SELECTION 38. L. M.

From the xliii. Psalm of David.

LET me with light and truth be bless'd ;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul ? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care ?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

SELECTION 39. C. M.

From the xlv. Psalm of David.

WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.

- 2 How matchless is thy form, O King !
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows ;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince ;
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.
- 5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise !
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The piercing arrow flies.
- 6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
Forever to endure ;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.
- 7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove :
- 8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed ;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

SELECTION 40. II. 2.

From the xlv. Psalm of David.

- G**OD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him, undaunted we'll confide ;
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess
The God of hosts conducts our arms,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS

Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

SELECTION 41. L. M.

From the xlvii. Psalm of David.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing ;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

- 2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight ;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.
- 3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound ;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands ;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

SELECTION 42. C. M.

From the xlviii. Psalm of David.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

- 2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound ;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.
- 4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

- 5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well ;
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.
- 6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide ;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide.

SELECTION 43.

From the 1. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines •
The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appeared,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

- 2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send ;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.
- 3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care :
The heavens his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.

PART II. II. 2.

- 1 **ATTEND**, my people ; Israel, hear ;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Thy God, thine only God, am I :
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

- 2 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good :
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.
- 3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men !
My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
And none will dare your cause to own :
Who praises me due honour gives ;
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

SELECTION 44. S. M.

From the li. Psalm of David.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd ; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.
- 4 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame ;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.
- 5 Yet, Lord, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.
- 6 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be :
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.
- 7 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice ;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 8 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view :
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- 9 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.
- 10 The joy thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
- 11 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart ;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.
- 12 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.
- 13 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized ;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.
- 14 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assured ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.

- 15 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay ;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thine altar lay.

SELECTION 45. C. M.

From the lv. Psalm of David.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray ;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

- 2 My heart is pain'd : the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread ;
While fearful tremblings seize my breast,
Horrors o'erwhelm my head.
- 3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
To Him who hears above :
" O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove !
- 4 " Swift I'd escape, and flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's distracting care,
And rest my weary mind :
- 5 " I'd wing my everlasting flight,
Bidding the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell."
- 6 Thus will I call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear ;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

SELECTION 46. C. M.

From the lvi. Psalm of David.

LORD, though at times surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

- 2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely ;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.
- 3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise ;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.
- 4 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure :
- 5 That thus, protected by thy power,
I may this light enjoy ;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

SELECTION 47. L. M.

From the lvii. Psalm of David.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 't is bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute :
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round :
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 48. L. M.

From the lxii. Psalm of David.

- M**Y soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose ;
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.
- 2 God does his saving health dispense
And flowing blessings daily send ;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.
- 3 In him, ye people, always trust ;
Before his throne pour out your hearts .
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
- 4 The Lord has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known ;
To be of boundless power possess'd,
Belongs of right to God alone.
- 5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight ;
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

SELECTION 49. II. 2.

From the lxiii. Psalm of David.

- O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant ;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O, to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays :
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name :
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night ;
Because thou still doth succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

SELECTION 50.

From the lxxv. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

- F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Bless'd is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives !
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

- 2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills :
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.
- 3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 4 They drop on barren deserts, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green :
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

SELECTION 51.

From the lxvi. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.
- 2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou !
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.
 - 3 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess ;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.
 - 4 O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you 'll own,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

- 5 O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise ;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 MY offerings to God's house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.
- 2 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care ;
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.
- 3 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his Name ;
But, if my heart to sin incline,
My prayer will God disclaim.
- 4 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend ;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.
- 5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

SELECTION 52. S. M.

From the lxxvii. Psalm of David.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :

- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

SELECTION 53. L. M.

From the lxviii. Psalm of David.

THE servants of Jehovah's will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy ;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

- 2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears ;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.
- 3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will ;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
- 4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 5 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.
- 6 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name adored,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

SELECTION 54.

From the lxi. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

- SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul :
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
- 2 O Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer ;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving power.
- 3 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve ;
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.
- 4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake ;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.
- 5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain ;
But look'd, alas ! for both in vain.
- 6 With hunger pined, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall ;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 For new afflictions they procured
For him, who had thy stripes endured ;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 MY soul, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore :
Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.
- 2 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice ;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
- 3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
And frees the captive from restraint :
Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

SELECTION 55. C. M.

From the lxxi. Psalm of David.

- I**N thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame :
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.
- 2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort :
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.
- 3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on thy power depend ;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.
- 4 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 5 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.
- 6 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth,
To praise thy glorious Name ;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.
- 7 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
- 8 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice ;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

SELECTION 56. C. M.

From the lxxii. Psalm of David.

- L**O! hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace ;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness :
- 2 While David's son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway ;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.
- 3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.
- 4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth ;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around :

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- The happy land shall everywhere
With endless peace abound.
- 6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend ;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.
- 7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads ;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.
- 8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.
- 9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay ;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.
- 10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry ;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.
- 11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days :
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.
- 12 The memory of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.
- 13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.
- 14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare, appears.

- 15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his Name ;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

SELECTION 57. L. M.

From the lxxiii. Psalm of David.

- T**HY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.
- 2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require ?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with thee, that I desire.
- 3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.
- 4 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall ;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 5 But as for me, 't is good and just
That I should still to God repair ;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

SELECTION 58. C. M.

From the lxxiv. Psalm of David.

- T**HINE is the cheerful day, O Lord,
Thine the return of night ;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feeble light.
- 2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The summer's warmth, and winter's cold
Attend on thy command.

SELECTION 59. IV. 1.

From the lxxvi. Psalm of David.

THE Name of our God
In Israel is known ;
His mansion beloved
Is Sion alone :
There broke he the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd his mountain
Above all the world.

- 2 The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise ;
Their fierceness o'erruled
Thy providence sways :
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

- 3 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere ;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress ;
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess !

SELECTION 60. C. M.

From the lxxviii. Psalm of David

HEAR, O my people ; to my law
Devout attention lend ;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

- 2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The truths which our forefathers' care
To us has handed down.

- 3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.
- 4 For Jacob he his law ordain'd,
His league with Israel made ;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race convey'd ;
- 5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.
- 6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

SELECTION 61. L. M.

From the lxxx. Psalm of David.

- O** THOU whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return ?
- 2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land ;
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.
- 3 Before it thou prepared'st the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root ;
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.
- 4 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem ;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 5 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew ;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.
- 6 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long ;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

SELECTION 62. C. M.

From the lxxxii. Psalm of David.

- T**O God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing :
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy ;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.
- 3 Let trumpets at the festival
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.
- 4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious care observed,
By Israel's chosen seed.

SELECTION 63. C. M.

From the lxxxiv. Psalm of David.

- O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face !

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
- 3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng ;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.
- 4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !
- 5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead !
- 6 Who pass through parch'd and thirsty vales,
Yet no refreshment want ;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.
- 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near ;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.
- 8 Within thy courts one single day
'T is better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.
- 9 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
- 10 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 11 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on thee.

SELECTION 64. C. M.

From the lxxxv. Psalm of David.

- O** GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn ;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.
- 2 For why shouldst thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain ?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.
- 3 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored ;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.
- 4 God's answer patiently I'll wait ;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.
- 5 To all that fear God's holy Name
His sure salvation 's near ;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.
- 6 For mercy now with truth is join'd ;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
- 7 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour ;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.
- 8 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

SELECTION 65. C. M

From the lxxxvi. Psalm of David.

- T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore ;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
- 4 Thou, Lord, art good ; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.
- 5 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be ;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.
- 6 Among the gods there 's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine !
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.
- 7 Therefore their great Creator, thee
The nations shall adore ;
Their long-misguided prayers and praise
To thy bless'd Name restore.
- 8 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done ;
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 9 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart ;
In reverence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.
- 10 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere ;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.
- 11 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my power to tell ;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest deeps of hell.
- 12 And thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring ;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring !

SELECTION 66. II. 3.

From the lxxxvii. Psalm of David.

- G**OD'S temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell :
His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel :
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of th' Almighty King !
- 2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed ;
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed :
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favour'd mount.
- 3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise ;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise
O Sion, seat of Israel's king,
Be mine to drink thy living spring !

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 67. L. M.

From the lxxxviii. Psalm of David.

GOD of my life, O Lord most high,
To thee by day and night I cry ;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

- 2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead ;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.
- 3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness ?
- 4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn :
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look ?
- 5 Companions dear, and friends beloved,
Far from my sight thou hast removed :
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry !

SELECTION 68. L. M.

From the lxxxix. Psalm of David.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last ;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice :
" With David I a league have made ;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant convey'd :

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 " While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain ;
'To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."
- 5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
- 6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare ?
- 7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press ;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.
- 8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renown'd ?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll ;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 10 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven ; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
- 12 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 13 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely ;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be raised on high.
- 14 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring :
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

SELECTION 69.

From the xc. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- O** LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, " Return,"
'T is instantly obey'd.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that 's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
- 5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams : —
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams ;
- 6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'T is all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismay'd ;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.
- 8 Beneath thine anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend ;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.
- 9 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive :
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive —
- 10 Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turn'd and pain :
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 BUT who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere ?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.
- 2 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.
- 3 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent :
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.
- 4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.
- 5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

- 6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

SELECTION 70.

From the xci. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide :
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

- 2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence ;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head ;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
- 3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day,
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the burning noon-tide slay.
- 4 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high ;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

PART II. III. 3.

- 1 **G**OD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

- 2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

- 4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

SELECTION 71. C. M.

From the xcii. Psalm of David.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !

- 2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat !
- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.
- 5 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord !
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No careless sinner sees.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 6 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-lived splendour must
For ever pass away.
- 7 But thou, my God, art still most high,
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes.
- 8 But righteous men, like rising palms,
Shall grow and flourish still;
Thy flock shall spread, like cedars choice,
On Lebanon's high hill.
- 9 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.
- 10 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

SELECTION 72. L. M.

From the xciii. Psalm of David.

- WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

SELECTION 73.

From the xciv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

SAY ye, the Lord shall not regard,
Shall not your sins discern?
Take heed, ye foolish and unwise;
When will ye wisdom learn?

- 2 Can He be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind who framed the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?
- 3 He fathoms all the hearts of men,
To him their thoughts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
- 2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.
- 3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
- 4 The world shall yet confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.
- 5 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

To stay me when I slipp'd ; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

- 6 My soul's defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high :
He is my rock to which I may
For refuge always fly.

SELECTION 74. L. M.

From the xciv. Psalm of David.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs :
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'T was made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
- 7 For he 's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we :
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 75. II. 8.

From the xcvi. Psalm of David.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound:
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Glory and strength his throne surround.

3 Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored:
Ascribe due honour to his Name,
Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

4 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore:
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice,

5 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake:

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Behold ! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself his throne to take :
He 's come, to judge the world he 's come
With justice to reward and doom.

SELECTION 76. L. M.

From the xcvi. Psalm of David.

- J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.
- 3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned ;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.
- 4 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what 's ill, and truth esteem ;
He 'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.
- 5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that 's right,
To recompense its pious trust.
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

SELECTION 77. C. M.

From the xcvi. Psalm of David.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.
- 5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.
- 6 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain ;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.
- 7 Let floods and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay ;
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey :
- 8 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

SELECTION 78. C. M.

From the xcix. Psalm of David.

JEHOVAH reigns ; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake :
On cherubs' wings he sits enthroned ;
Let earth's foundations shake.

- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- And thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place ;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.
- 6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord ;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

SELECTION 79. L. M.

From the c. Psalm of David.

- WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 80.

From the cii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress ;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
- 3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade ;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
- 4 But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste ;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 GOD shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face :
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.
- 2 The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.
- 3 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd ;
The Lord from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.
- 4 That they, in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his Name.

PART III. C. M.

- 1 THE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.
- 2 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
- 3 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend ;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.
- 4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give ;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

SELECTION 81. L. M.

From the ciii. Psalm of David.

- M**Y soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'T is he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
 - 3 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour eagle-like restores ;
He to the sufferer promptly flies,
Who, wrong'd, his righteous help implores.
 - 4 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

6 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

7 As far as 't is from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed ;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

8 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay ;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flowers must fade away.

9 Whilst they are nipp'd with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
To those that fear him, and their race.

10 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way ;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

11 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fix'd his lofty throne :
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.

12 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

13 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

SELECTION 82. S. M.

From the ciii. Psalm of David.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 **O** bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth ;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim ;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

SELECTION 83.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

BLESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS

- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill ;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.
- 5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore !
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree ;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.
- 3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide ;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.
- 4 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn,
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Decay, and to their dust return.
- 5 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
Inspiring vital energies ;
Nature's restored ; replenish'd earth,
Joyous, her new creation sees.
- 6 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Pleased with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

SELECTION 84. II. 3.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

HOW manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

- 2 By thee alone the living live, —
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give, —
Take thou away their breath, they die ;
But send again thy Spirit forth,
And life renews the gladden'd earth.
- 3 Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return ;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes, —
Touches the mountains, and they burn .
But God for ever is the same ;
Glory to his eternal Name !

SELECTION 85. C. M.

From the cv. Psalm of David.

- O** RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
 - 3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be adored ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where he 's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.
- 5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind ;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

SELECTION 86. L. M.

From the cvi. Psalm of David.

- O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what 's right ; nor only so,
But always practise what they know
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine !
- 6 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd ;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens — Praise ye the Lord

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 87.

From the cvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. III. 1.

MAGNIFY Jehovah's Name;
For his mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

- 2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home : —
- 4 To the Lord their God they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow ;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PART II. C. M.

- 1 **THY** wondrous power, Almighty Lord,
That rules the boisterous sea,
The bold adventurers record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.
At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- While they astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Dismay'd they climb the watery hills,
Dismay'd they plunge again ;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
He calms the fierce tempestuous skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 5 Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
They see the storm allay'd :
The wish'd-for haven now appears ;
There, let their vows be paid !
- 6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those who see his wondrous ways,
His wondrous love record !

SELECTION 88. C. M.

From the cviii. Psalm of David.

- O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell ;
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

SELECTION 89. II. 2.

From the cx. Psalm of David.

THE LORD unto my Lord thus spake :
“ Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand :
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subjected to thy just command.

- 2 “ Thee, in thy power’s triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey ;
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, (redeem’d from error’s night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew.”

- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That like Melchizedech’s, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see :
Anointed Prince ! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory !

SELECTION 90. L. M.

From the cxi. Psalm of David.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

- 2 His works, for greatness though renown’d,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

- 4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied ;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers sign'd.
- 6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same :
Holy and reverend is his Name.
- 8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin :
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

SELECTION 91. L. M.

From the cxii. Psalm of David.

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

- 2 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distress'd inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.
- 3 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

SELECTION 92. II. 2.

From the cxiii. Psalm of David.

- Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record ;
His sacred Name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.
- 3 Though 't is beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

SELECTION 93. C. M.

From the cxv. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.
- 2 Why should the heathen cry, " Where 's now
The God whom ye adore ? "
Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy power.
- 3 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

- 4 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.
- 5 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great Name confess.
- 6 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring:
Thrice happy you, who favourites are
Of this almighty King!
- 7 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.
- 8 They who in death and silence sleep,
To him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our everliving Lord.

SELECTION 94. C. M.

From the cxvi. Psalm of David.

- M**Y soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.
- 2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.
 - 3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell oppress'd,
When troubles seized my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast, —

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 On God's almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd :
" Lord, I beseech thee save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd."
- 5 How just and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord ;
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
- 6 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest ;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.
- 7 When death alarm'd me, he removed
My dangers and my fears ;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.
- 8 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his Name,
And in his service, spend.
- 9 In God I trusted, and of him
Did boast in greatest fear ;
Though in my trouble I exclaim'd,
All men are insincere.
- 10 O what return to God shall I
For all his goodness make ?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.
- 11 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despised
By wicked men) in God's account
Is always highly prized.
- 12 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise ;
And while I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 13 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

SELECTION 95. C. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm of David.

- WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

SELECTION 96. C. M.

From the cxviii. Psalm of David.

- O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay ;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
- 2 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express ;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.
- 3 Far better 't is to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.
- 4 The Lord has been my help ; the praise
To him alone belongs ;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.
- 5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm ;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 6 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won ;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.
- 7 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days ;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.
- 8 When God had sorely me chastised,
Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.
- 9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.
- 10 Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.
- 11 That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone :
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.
- 12 This day is God's ; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice :
" Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."
- 13 Him that approaches in God's Name
Let all th' assembly bless ;
" We that belong to God's own house
Have wish'd you good success."
- 14 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find ;
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 15 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name ;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
- 16 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove ;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

SELECTION 97.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

PART I. ALEPH. C. M.

- H**OW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way ;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !
- 2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been ;
And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favour sought to win !
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside ;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !
- 6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free ;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learn'd thy will.
- 8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
Entire observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

PART II. BETH. C. M.

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!
- 3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.
- 4 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!
- 5 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.
- 6 Whilst in the way of thy commands
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crown'd.
- 7 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st,
Entire respect shall find.

- 8 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy ;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

PART III. GIMEL. C. M.

- 1 BE gracious to thy servant, Lord ;
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.
- 2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
- 3 My fainting soul is almost pined,
With earnest longing spent,
While always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.
- 4 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues ;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.
- 5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove ;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.
- 6 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight ;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

PART IV. DALETH. C. M.

- 1 MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust doth cleave ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.
- 2 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer!
- 3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.
- 4 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.
- 5 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.
- 6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
- 7 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free!
- 8 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run;
And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

PART V. HE. C. M.

- 1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.
- 5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.
- 6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.
- 7 The censure and reproach I fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove ;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.
- 8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant ;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promised succour grant !

PART VI. VAU. C. M.

- 1 **THY** constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart ;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.
- 2 So shall I, whosoe'er upbraids,
This ready answer make ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- “In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break.”
- 3 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed ;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy judgments, Lord, have proved.
- 4 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend ;
And constantly my time to come
In their observance spend.
- 5 My soul shall gladly walk at large,
From all oppression free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.
- 6 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.
- 7 Then will I to thy holy laws
Lift up my willing hands ;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

PART VII. ZAIN. C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word, on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
- 2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control ;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Revived my fainting soul.
- 3 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day
Has fill'd my thoughts by night :
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.
- 5 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

PART VIII. CHETH. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art ;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.
- 2 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore ,
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.
- 3 With deep reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought ;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.
- 4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolved without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.
- 5 To such as fear thy holy Name
Myself I closely join ;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.
- 6 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed ;
O grant that I may truly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

PART IX. TETH. C. M.

- 1 WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
- 2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.
- 3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.
- 4 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so ;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.
- 5 'T is good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
- 6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

PART X. JOD. C. M.

- 1 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.
- 2 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.
- 3 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see ;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid ;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made !
- 5 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live ;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
- 6 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound ;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot
May never me confound.

PART XI. CAPH. C. M.

- 1 MY soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace ;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
- 2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word ;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford ?
- 3 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer ;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

PART XII. LAMED. C. M.

- 1 FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain ;
Thy word, establish'd in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.
- 2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immovable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thine almighty hand.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil;
They are the faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.
- 4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expired
In dark affliction's night.
- 5 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.
- 6 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

PART XIII. MEM. C. M.

- 1 THE love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My raptured thoughts all day.
- 2 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.
- 3 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 How sweet are all thy words to me;
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!
- 5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blest:

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Through which the treacherous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

PART XIV. NUN. C. M.

- 1 THY word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show ;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.
- 2 I've vow'd, and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.
- 3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find ;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.
- 4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice ;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
- 5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey ;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

PART XV. SAMECH. C. M.

- 1 DECEITFUL thoughts and practices
I utterly detest ;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be express'd.
- 2 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
- 3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

- 4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free ;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

PART XVI. AIN. C. M.

- 1 MINE eyes, alas ! begin to fail,
In long expectance held ;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfill'd.
- 2 To me thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
- 3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
- 4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine ;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PART XVII. PE. C. M.

- 1 THE wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent ;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
- 2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
- 3 With eager hopes I waiting stood
And fainting with desire,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

- 4 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

- 5 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

- 6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine :
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

PART XVIII. TSADDI. C. M.

- 1 THOU art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust ;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

- 2 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree ;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.

- 3 Lord, each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by men despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.

- 4 Thy righteousness shall then endure
When time itself is past ;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

- 5 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite ;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give :
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PART XIX. KOPH. C. M.

- 1 WITH my whole heart to God I call'd —
Lord, hear my earnest cry !
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
- 2 Again more fervently I prayed —
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies fully know,
And steadfastly obey !
- 3 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, upon whose faithful word
My hope alone relied.
- 4 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show ;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true !
- 5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

PART XX. RESCH. C. M.

- 1 CONSIDER my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw ;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.
- 2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford ;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away ;
'T is just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
- 4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore ;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
- 5 Consider, O my gracious God,
How I thy precepts love ;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above !
- 6 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

PART XXI. SCHIN. C. M.

- 1 THY sacred word my joyful breast
With heavenly rapture warms ;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.
- 2 Perfidious practices and lies,
I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be express'd.
- 3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.
- 4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law ;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.
- 5 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delay'd,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obey'd.
- 6 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd ;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.
- 7 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

PART XXII. TAU. C. M.

- 1 To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
- 3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.
- 4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound ;
For thy commands are right, thy laws
With truth and justice crown'd.
- 5 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid ;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.
- 6 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored ;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise ;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.
- 8 Though like a sheep that's lost I've stray'd,
And from thy ways declined,
Do thou, O Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

SELECTION 98. C. M.

From the cxxi. Psalm of David.

- T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 4 From common accidents of life
The Lord shall guard thee still ;
'T is even he that shall preserve
Thy soul from every ill.
- 5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

SELECTION 99. C. M.

From the cxxii. Psalm of David.

- O**'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal-day !

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.
- 3 'T is thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.
- 4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace ;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
- 5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found ;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.
- 6 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray — May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.
- 7 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

SELECTION 100. C. M.

From the cxxiv. Psalm of David.

- H**AD not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallow'd us,
So furiously he raged.
- 2 Had not the Lord himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The snare is broke, his rage disarm'd,
And we again are free.

- 4 Secure in God's almighty Name
Our confidence remains ;
The God who made both heaven and earth,
Of both sole monarch reigns.

SELECTION 101. C. M.

From the cxxv. Psalm of David.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

- 2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect ;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.
- 4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy ;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

SELECTION 102. C. M.

From the cxxvii. Psalm of David.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain ;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

- 2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.
- 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose.

SELECTION 103. C. M.

From the cxxviii. Psalm of David.

THE man is blest that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

- 2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed ;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.
- 3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus ;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

SELECTION 104. S. M.

From the cxxx. Psalm of David.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can their trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows :

- 6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

SELECTION 105. III. 1.

From the cxxxi. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be :
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken — I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.
- 3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel ! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

SELECTION 106. C. M.

From the cxxxii. Psalm of David.

- O** WITH due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair ;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble prayer.
- 2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest ;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.
- 3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

- 4 Fair Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel ;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.
- 5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless ;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

SELECTION 107. C. M.

From the cxxxiii. Psalm of David.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

- 2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.
- 3 'T is like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

SELECTION 108. C. M.

From the cxxxiv. Psalm of David.

BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state ;
That in his temple's hallow'd courts
With humble reverence wait.

- 2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy Name ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

SELECTION 109. C. M.

From the cxxxv. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name :

Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes ;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

4 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found ;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crown'd.

5 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

6 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay ;
Nor let anointed Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

7 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express ;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
His Name for ever bless.

8 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim ;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

SELECTION 110. II. 4.

From the cxxxvi. Psalm of David.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

5 By him the heavens display
Their numerous hosts of light
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

6 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought ;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 7 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live :
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

SELECTION 111. L. M.

From the cxxxvii. Psalm of David.

- W**HEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees that wither'd there.
- 3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move !
- 4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom ;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home !

SELECTION 112. C. M.

From the cxxxviii. Psalm of David.

- W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim :
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear
When I to thee did cry ;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.
- 4 For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect ;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.
- 5 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.
- 6 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state ;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

SELECTION 113. L. M.

From the cxxxix. Psalm of David.

- T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways :
Thou know'st what 't is my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford ?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwell'st enthroned in light ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- If to the world unseen, my God,
There also hast thou thine abode.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main ;
E'en there, in earth's remotest land,
I still should find thy guiding hand.
- 7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part :
I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came
A work of such a wondrous frame.
- 10 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 11 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore ;
Each morn, revising what I 've done,
I find th' account but new begun.
- 12 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart
If mischief lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

SELECTION 114. C. M.

From the cxli. Psalm of David.

LORD, in thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise ;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 2 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.
- 3 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain ;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.
- 4 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind ;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

SELECTION 115. C. M.

From the cxliii. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend ;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.
- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried ;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.
 - 3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently stretch out ;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.
 - 4 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails ;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.
 - 5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends ;
Teach me the way where I should go,
My soul to thee ascends.
 - 6 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

A safe retreat, a hiding-place,
My soul implores from thee.

- 7 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey ;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.
- 8 O, for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart ;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
Thy saving health impart.

SELECTION 116. L. M.

From the cxliv. Psalm of David.

- L**ORD, what 's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take ?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make ?
- 2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.
- 3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise ;
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

SELECTION 117.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- T**HREE will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends ;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.
- 4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.
- 5 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim ;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.
- 6 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.
- 7 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd ;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants bless'd.
- 8 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.
- 9 God's mighty works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his kingdom's glorious state
In all its splendour shown.
- 10 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
- 2 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays !
- 4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore ;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
- 5 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs ;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
In justice he destroys.
- 6 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame ;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

SELECTION 118. III. 3.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

- G**OD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name ;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honour great our God befitteth ;
Who his majesty can reach ?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought ;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation ;
All his works his goodness prove.
- 6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore ;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.
- 7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known ;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.
- 8 Ever, God of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain ;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.
- 9 Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bow'd and bent :
Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fix'd on thee, its nourishment.
- 10 Thou to all, great God of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food ;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.
- 11 God is just in all he doeth,
Kind is he in all his ways ;
He his ready presence showeth,
When a faithful servant prays.
- 12 Who sincerely seek and fear him,
He to them their wish will give ;
When they call, the Lord will hear them,
He will hear them, and relieve.

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

- 13 From Jehovah all who prize him
Shall his saving health enjoy :
All the wicked who despise him,
He will in their sin destroy.
- 14 Still, Jehovah, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim ;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy Name.

SELECTION 119. C. M.

From the cxlvi. Psalm of David.

- O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name :
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
- 2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.
- 3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.
- 4 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
- 5 The poor, oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.
- 6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
- 7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

- 8 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King :
From age to age his reign endures ;
Let all his praises sing.

SELECTION 120. II. 2.

From the cxlvi. Psalm of David.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I place in man my trust ?
Ev'n princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 4 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

- 5 God shall the wicked overturn,
On them his wrath shall ever burn,
Sinners shall perish in their ways :
Sion ! the God thy sons adore,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

He, he is King for evermore ;
The Lord thy God for ever praise !

SELECTION 121.

From the cxlvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

- O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame ;
For pleasant, good, and comely 't is
To praise his holy Name.
- 2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground ;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.
- 3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close ;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.
- 4 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound ;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.
- 5 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing ;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.
- 6 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows ;
And on the mountains, through his care,
The grass in plenty grows.
- 7 His care the beasts that loosely range
With timely food supplies ;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.
- 8 The Lord to him that fears his Name
His tender love extends ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

- 9 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address ;
Whose strength secures their lasting gates,
Who does their children bless.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** speaks : swift from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies ;
The elements confess their Lord,
With prompt obedience to his word ;
- 2 The thick-descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;
And glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.
- 3 He speaks : the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away ;
Softly the vernal breezes blow,
And murmuring waters freely flow.
- 4 But nobler works his grace record ;
To Israel he reveals his word ;
To them, his chosen flock, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.
- 5 Such bliss no heathen nation shares,
His oracles are only theirs :
Let Israel then their voices raise,
And bless their God in songs of praise.

SELECTION 122. II. 4.

From the cxlviii. Psalm of David.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay :
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glittering scales ;
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.
- 5 By hills, and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd ;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd ;
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His Name be blest.
- 6 Let all of highest birth,
With those of humbler name,

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim :
In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children, join.

7 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise ;
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high ;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh :
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise !

SELECTION 123. IV. 1.

From the cxlix. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing :
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express ;

SELECTIONS OF PSALMS.

Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield ;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring :
O therefore, for ever
All praise to him yield !

SELECTION 124. L. M. .

From the cl. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in heaven where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound :
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let every creature praise the Lord !

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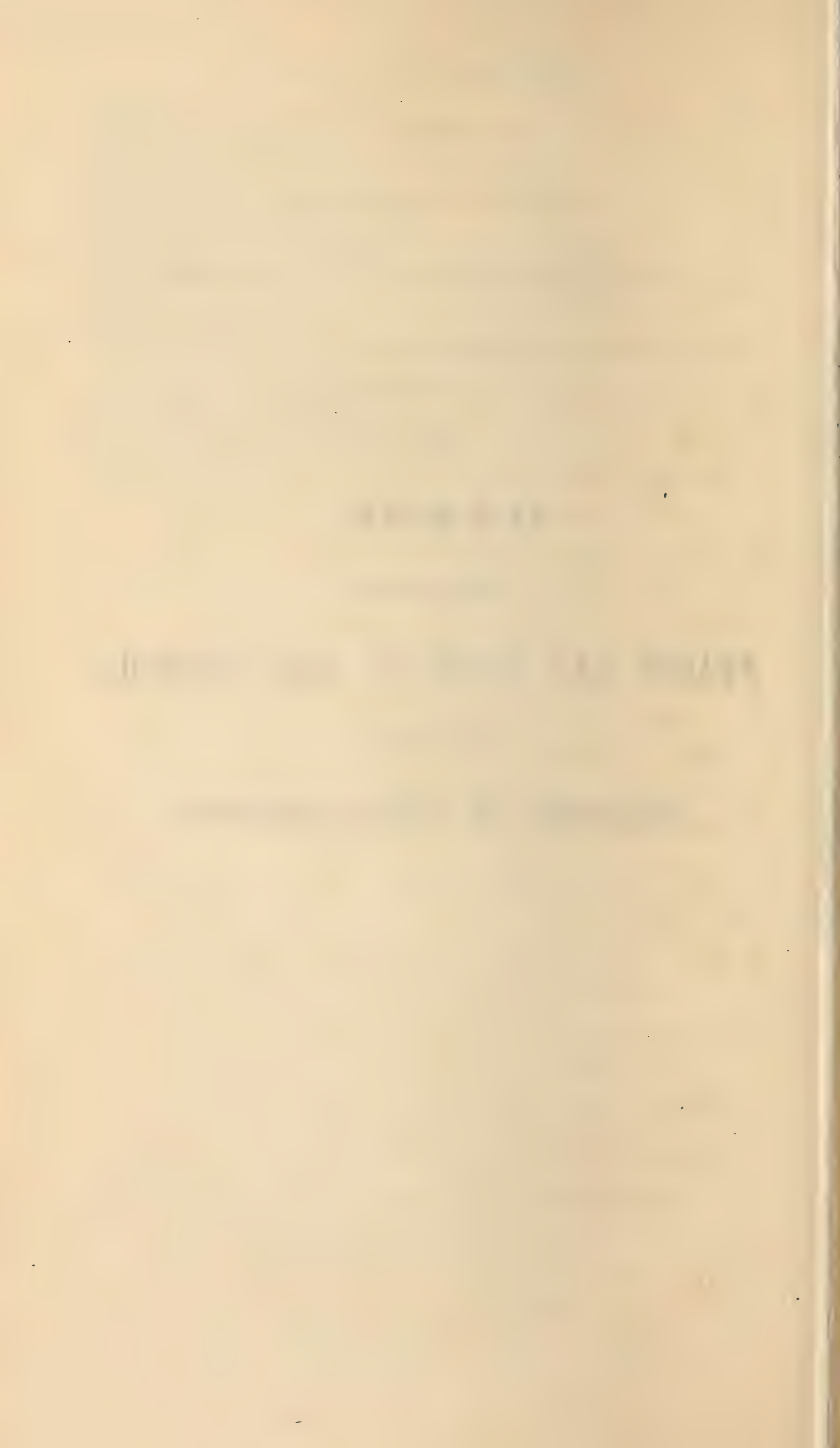
HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND OTHER

OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.



HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

- G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. C. M.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !

HYMNS.

- For ever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.
-

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. C. M.

- G**REAT first of beings ! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame !
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'T was instantly obey'd :
And through thy goodness all things stand
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole ;
They all reflect thy light :

HYMNS.

- For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this, the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day ;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this, the earth its produce yields ;
For this, the waters flow ;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end ;
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Genesis i.

- L**ET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord :
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused ;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.
- 3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, " Be there light : "
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky ;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.
- 5 He bade the seas together flow ;
They left the solid land :
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

HYMNS.

- 6 Above, he form'd the stars ; and placed
Two greater orbs of light ;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth :
Some form'd within the watery deep,
Some from the teeming earth.
- 8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honour'd man, was made ;
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.
- 9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation view'd ;
And, pleased with all that he had made
Pronounced it " very good."

HYMN 5. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from Living Creatures.

- B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name :
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
 - 3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow ;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,

HYMNS.

Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 6. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Worlds.

YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

- 2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise Him in the shade.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God ;
Ye worlds, declare his might ;
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.
- 4 Let every element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMNS.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Psalm xix.

- T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."
-

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. L. M.

- E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :

HYMNS.

- The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. II. 3.

Psalm xxiii.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :

HYMNS.

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

HYMNS.

- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN II. III. 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

• *" My times are in thy hand."*

- S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb ;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
 - 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

HYMNS.

- 4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 12. C. M.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.
-

IV. REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13. S. M.

Job ix. 2-6.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God !

HYMNS.

- If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake:
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Job ix. 30-33.

- T**HOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe:
- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

HYMNS.

- 5 And lo! the son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found!

HYMN 15. L. M.

- A**LL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise:
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.
- 2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state.

HYMN 16. C. M.

- S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMNS.

- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs :
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

Chorus for the end of each verse.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever !
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

HYMN 17. C. M.

- T**O our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song :
O may his love (immortal flame)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ;
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
" The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

HYMNS.

- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Titus iii. 4-7.

- M**Y grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place ;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.
 - 3 'T is from the love of God through Christ
That all our hopes begin ;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.
 - 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.
 - 5 Thus raised from death, we live anew ;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMNS.

HYMN 20. C. M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load :
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'T is thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine :
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine ;

HYMNS.

The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is all in all.

HYMN 22. III. 1.

SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below !
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name,
Let his glory be thy theme :
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. S. M.

GRACE !. 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;

HYMNS.

And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
-

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. S. M.

- L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire ;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

HYMN 25. S. M.

- I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

HYMNS.

- 2 I love thy Church, O God ;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Hebrews xii. 18, 22-24.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke :
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke :

HYMNS

- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light :
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make :
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. S. M.

- B**LEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.
 - 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
 - 4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain :
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
 - 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;

HYMNS.

And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. II. 1.

Psalm cxxii.

The Church in Glory.

- WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest :
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.
- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
Their glory I survey ;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing ;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.
- 4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son :
His palaces with joy abound ;
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.
- 5 Mother of cities ! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell :
Let me, blest seat ! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

HYMNS.

HYMN 29. L. M.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

TRIOUMPHANT Sion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead :
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known :
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair :
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

The Lord's Day.

HYMN 30. H. 4.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes :
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings,

HYMNS.

And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

HYMN 31. C. M.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord:
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires;
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 't is done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;

HYMNS.

- Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. L. M.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 This day may our devotion rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 34. II. 3.

- G**REAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers ;

HYMNS.

- Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore ;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more :
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart :
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. II. 4.

- I**N loud exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days ;
But Sion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.
- 2 O King of Glory, come ;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own :
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies :
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

HYMNS.

- 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above :
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace,

HYMN 36. L. M.

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;
Let my religious hours alone :
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land ;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. L. M.

- M**Y opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest ;
Eternal King ! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;

HYMNS.

Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38. III. 1.

- T**O thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
" I have walked with God to-day."

HYMN 39. L. M.

After Sermon.

ALmighty Father, bless the word,
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard ;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

HYMNS.

- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. III. 5.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Advent.

HYMN 41. C. M.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst.
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

HYMNS.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

HYMN 42. III. 3.

HAIL ! thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free :
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art ;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Christmas.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Luke ii. 8-15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

HYMNS.

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 44. C. M.

- W**HILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise.
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven.
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born !"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid ;

HYMNS.

- Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd ;
6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns ;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

HYMN 45. III. 1.

- H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled.
2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see :
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;
Jesus, now Emmanuel.
5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings ;
Hail the Sun of righteousness !
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

HYMN 46.

Chorus.

- S**HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth !
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth !

HYMNS.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round ;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the
skies :

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

HYMN 47. C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2-7.

THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

- 2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come ;
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast removed ;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke ;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promised Child is born ;
To us the Son is given ;

HYMNS.

Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

End of the Year.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- T**IME hastens on ; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high ;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs salvation comes ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. C. M.

St. Luke xiii. 6-9.

- S**EE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands ;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by His hands.
- 2 From year to year the tree He views,
And still no fruit is found ;
Then " Cut it down," the Lord commands,
" Why cumberst it the ground ? "

HYMNS.

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads ;

“ The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear :

4 “ But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more ; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground.”

New Year.

HYMN 50. L. M.

THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run !

3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
“ Or through this year, or month, or day,
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death ? ”

4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'T is thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine ;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;

HYMNS.

- No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long-expected year ! begin ;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- A**S o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

Epiphany.

HYMN 52. S. M.

Isaiah lii. 7-10.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

HYMNS.

- 2 How charming is their voice :
 How sweet their tidings are :
 “ Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light :
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad :
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 53. II. 5.

Isaiah lx., &c.

- R**ISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
 Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes :
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
 - 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.
 - 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;

HYMNS.

But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 54. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.

- H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever :
That Name to us is Love.

HYMNS.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Isaiah ii. 2-5.

- O'ER mountain-tops the meunt of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they 'll say,
And to his house we 'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide :
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears ;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

Lent.

HYMN 56. III. 1.

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,

HYMNS.

Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego ?

HYMNS.

- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. C. M.

- A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way ;
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears :
My weak resistance, ah, how vain,
How strong my foes and fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. C. M.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord :
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

HYMNS.

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine ;
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore :
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. L. M.

- O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it looks to thee ;
O burst its bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :

HYMNS.

O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

[*See Hymns on Repentance.*]

Passion Week and Good Friday.

HYMN 61. III. 4.

Isaiah lxiii. 1-4.

- W**HO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good ;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears ?
- 2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might ;
'T is the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight !
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?
'T is the blood of many slain ;
Of his foes there 's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain :
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor ! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won ;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done :
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

HYMN 62. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

HYMNS.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. C. M.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'T is done ! the precious ransom 's paid ;
"Receive my soul !" he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies.
- But soon he 'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 64. C. M.

- M**Y Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

HYMNS.

- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.”
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue —
Such is the mystery of grace —
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. C. M.

- F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize ;
The sun as darkest night be black :
Their Maker, Jesus, dies !
 - 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood !
Is this the Infinite ? 't is He,
My Saviour and my God !
 - 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;

HYMNS.

My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN 66. L. M.

St. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd ; so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died
'Tis finish'd : yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'T is finish'd : all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

- 3 'T is finish'd : Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore :
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'T is finish'd : this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

- 5 'T is finish'd : heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

- 6 'T is finish'd : let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'T is finish'd : let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

HYMN 67. L. M.

For the Jews.

HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?

HYMNS.

- Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;
In every clime behold a home ;
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing ?

Easter.

HYMN 68. C. M.

1 Cor. v. 8. — Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

- S**INCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival :
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more ; death shall on him
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 't was for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die ;

HYMNS.

But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. III. 1.

CHRISt the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won :
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare :

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,

HYMNS.

In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 7. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. — Col. iii. 1.

CHRISt from the dead is raised, and made
The First-Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

Ascension.

HYMN 72. L. M.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies:
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

- 2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

HYMNS.

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Fathes's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save !"
Then ask — " O death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, O grave ?"

HYMN 73. L. M.

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of Glory, who ? "
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 " Who is the King of Glory, who ? "
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,

HYMNS.

The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

~~Whit~~-Sunday.

HYMN 74. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine ;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within ;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 75. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys :

HYMNS.

Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. C. M.

HE 'S come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume ;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
" The Comforter is come."

- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow ?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel ;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know ;
Thy motions point to us the way ;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

Trinity-Sunday.

HYMN 77. L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name,
For ever be thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,

HYMNS.

Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 78. L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 79. H. 4.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above :
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

HYMNS.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One ;
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

Fast-Day.

HYMN 80. C. M.

- ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend :
'T is on thy pardoning grace alone,
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame ;

HYMNS.

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear ;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. III. 3.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise :

- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. L. M.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry ;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

- 2 In his salvation is our hope ;
And in the Name of Israel's God,

HYMNS.

- Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fears,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

Thanksgiving-Day.

HYMN 83.

PART I. III. 2.

- P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:

HYMNS.

Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II. III. 2.

- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall :
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe ;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are :
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;

HYMNS.

- A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway:
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. L. M.

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

- SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King:
- 4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Baptism of Infants.

HYMN 86. III. 3.

- S SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,

HYMNS.

- All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;
- 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way .
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. S. M.

- THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast ;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 " Let them approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble claim ;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Baptism of Adults.

HYMN 88. S. M.

Ephesians vi. 10, 13.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

HYMNS.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

Confirmation.

HYMN 89. L. M.

- O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God :
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
 - 3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done ;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine :
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
 - 4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angels' food to feast ?
 - 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMNS.

HYMN 90. C. M.

- W**ITNESS, ye men and angels ; now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. C. M.

- Y**OUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'T is easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign :
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMNS.

HYMN 92. C. M.

- O**, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved :
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways ;
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest :
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

The Lord's Supper.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

- T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive ;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength ; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

HYMNS.

- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 94. L. M.

- M**Y God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come ;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN 95. C. M.

- A**ND are we now brought near to God
Who once at distance stood ?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?

HYMNS.

- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above :
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love ?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King :
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing :
- 4 " Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

HYMN 96. L. M.

- T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That Name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
 - 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
 - 4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
 - 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
 - 6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;

HYMNS.

And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Ordination, or Institution of Ministers.

HYMN 97. L. M.

St. Matt. x.

- G**O forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye 're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. L. M.

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c., and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- G**O, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive :
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 " I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do:
- 3 " Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead ;
Go, cast out devils in my Name ;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

HYMNS.

- 4 " While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. L. M.

- T**HE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the Apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.
 - 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise ;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long-extended line :
 - 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live :
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
 - 5 So shall the bright Succession run
Through all the courses of the sun ;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
 - 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;

HYMNS.

- We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

Consecration of a Church.

HYMN 101. L. M.

- AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;

HYMNS.

While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

- 4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

Missions.

HYMN 102. L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;

HYMNS.

Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. II. 1.

For Missions to the New Settlements in the United States.

WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy Name.

- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost ;
Thy temples there arose ;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,

HYMNS.

- Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.
- 3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land :
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we own this debt of love :
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast ;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy Name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

- O**N Sion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright :
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land ;
And empires now behold its day ;
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume ;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom :
- 4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light ;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

HYMNS.

- 6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
 May all our forests smile ;
And may our borders blossom wide
 Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

HYMN 107. II. 6.

- F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high ;
Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
 And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
- N 209

HYMNS.

Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. L. M.

For the Jews.

- D**ISOWN'D of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around ?
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring ;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long !
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour ;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 109. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- H**OW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise ;
How just, King of saints,
And true are thy ways :
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy Name :
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.
- 2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown ;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne :

HYMNS.

Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

For Sunday and Charity Schools.

HYMN 110. II. 4.

Children and Congregation.

Children.

COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise ;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise :

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine ;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine :

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wandering feet are brought ;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught :

Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring ;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive ;

HYMNS.

Lord, here accept our hearts,
'T is all that we can give :

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs ;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success ;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless :
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. III. 1.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost ;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

HYMN 112. C. M.

WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth :

HYMNS.

- 2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd:
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie.

HYMN 113. L. M.

- L**ORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'T is like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. C. M.

- M**ERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

HYMNS.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blest design ;
The honour of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Charitable Occasions.

HYMN 115. C. M.

- B**LEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain :
- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel ;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
 - 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
 - 4 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. C. M.

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

HYMNS.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay ;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. III. 3.

- L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light ;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.
 - 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung :
 - 4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind :
Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.
 - 5 When thine olive-plants increasing
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again :
Chorus. These, &c.
 - 6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,

HYMNS.

Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

- 7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.
- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care ;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.
Hallelujah, Amen.

To be used at Sea.

HYMN 118. L. M.

- G**OD of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
 - 3 Thus is thy glorious power adored
Among the watery nations, Lord :
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

HYMN 119. IV. 5.

" Save, Lord, or we perish." St. Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker : " Save, Lord, or we perish."

HYMNS.

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

HYMN 120. C. M.

Which may be used at sea or on land.

LORD, for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they thro' foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

HYMNS.

- 7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

For the Sick.

HYMN 121. L. M.

- WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly :
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing power impart ;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee ;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heaven ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the blind ;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will ;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes ;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed ;

HYMNS.

- His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
- 11 O, if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. C. M.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- W**HEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death,
Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.
- 5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

HYMNS.

- 6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. L. M.

On the same.

- M**Y God, since thou hast raised me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice ;
Restored by thine Almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain opprest,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save ;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord ;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short : his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay ;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.
- 5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three ;
The One sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

Funerals.

HYMN 124. C. M.

- H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die :
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high.

HYMNS.

- 2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
Death 's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gave sin its strength and power ;
But Christ, our ransom, died.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay ;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day.
- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we love,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave ?
And where, O death, thy sting ?"

HYMN 125. C. M.

- W**HEN those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power imprest ;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more ;
Behold the opening tomb ;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save :

HYMNS.

Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. C. M.

Death of a Young Person.

- H**OW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom :
The course but yesterday begun
Now finish'd in the tomb.
- 2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight :
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard ;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain :
The soul that early seeks my face,
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Death of an Infant.

- A**S the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day ;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod :
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

HYMNS.

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. III. 1.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?

God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live :
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of his own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 129. III. 1.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

HYMNS.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. II. 3.

- P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God :
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word :
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

HYMN 131. S. M.

Rev. xxii. 17-20.

- T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come :
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life :
'T is Jesus bids him come.

HYMNS.

- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord ! even so, I wait thy hour :
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 132. C. M.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'T is here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise !
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.
-

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

Prayer.

HYMN 133. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
O

HYMNS.

- There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, " Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

HYMN 134. C. M.

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

HYMNS.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;
They 're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Repentance.

HYMN 135. L. M.

- O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

HYMNS.

- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136. L. M.

- S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,
 - 3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
 - 4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. L. M.

OH, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

HYMNS.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Penitential Gratitude.

- R**ISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care ;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
 - 3 Hear, then, O God, thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own ;
 - 4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore ;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One pardon'd sinner more.

HYMNS.

Faith.

HYMN 139. III. 3.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 140. L. M.

FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye ;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

- 2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home ;
Events long pass'd it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,

HYMNS.

O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

- 5 By faith we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd ;
By faith subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. C. M.

Rom. viii. 31-34.

O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe :
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe ?

- 2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give ?
3 Who now his people shall accuse ?
'Tis God hath justified :
Who now his people shall condemn ?
The Lamb of God hath died.
4 And He who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave :
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. C. M.

Dead Faith.

DELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
- To Christ, the living Head.

HYMNS.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within ;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. III. 1.

Christ our Refuge.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled :

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

HYMNS.

- 3 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake.

Hope.

HYMN 145.

- RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies :
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven ;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 146. III. 1.

- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing ;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

HYMNS.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our Advocate was made ;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. C. M.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
 - 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :
 - 4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest ;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Joy.

HYMN 148. C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

HYMNS.

- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot ;
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. S. M.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
 - 3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.
 - 4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
 - 5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
 - 6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below :

HYMNS.

- Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Lobe.

HYMN 150. III. 3.

- L**ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMNS.

HYMN 151. III. 1.

- L**ORD, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no ?
Am I thine, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child ?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord ?
- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Praise.

HYMN 152.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love ;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

HYMNS.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.
- 5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."
- 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
" Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry :

HYMNS.

Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 153. IV. 3.

Psalm c.

- B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear ;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable Name.
- For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Psalm c.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name ?

HYMNS.

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 155. III. 1.

Songs of Praise.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
 - 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 - 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
 - 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
 - 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMNS.

Contentment.

HYMN 156. C. M.

- F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise ;
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee :
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. L. M.

- B**E still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares ,
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

HYMNS.

In Affliction.

HYMN 158. C. M.

- H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs :
When will the mournful night be gone ?
When shall my joys arise ?
- 2 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay ;
Here would I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. II. 3.

Psalm xlii.

- A**S, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll ;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear ;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays,

HYMNS.

That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 160. II. 3.

A Compassionate High-Priest.

Hebrews iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

HYMNS.

- 5 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. L. M.

Sanctified Affliction.

- L**ORD, unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd :
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart ;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.
- 3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode ;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

Daily Devotion.

HYMN 162. II. 3.

Daily Dependence.

- W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring ;

HYMNS.

- And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name;
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my advocate with God.
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares,
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend:
 Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
 And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,
 Or languor settles at the heart;
 When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
 I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
 O great Physician, see my grief,
 And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow
 Lay all my worldly comforts low;
 And neither help nor hope appear,
 My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
 Lord, pity and supply my need,
 For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour
 Its varied blessings on my store;
 O keep me from the ills that wait
 On such a seeming prosperous state:
 From hurtful passions set me free,
 And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
 And, as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,

HYMNS.

Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. L. M.

" I have set God always before me."

Psalm xvi. 9.

- S**AVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee ;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give ;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past ;
Live this day, as if 't were thy last ;
To improve thy talents take due care ;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;

HYMNS.

- Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
“Glory to thee, eternal King.”
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you my Maker’s will :
Oh, may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh’d me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Morning.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill’d with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

HYMNS.

- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.
- 3 But can it be ? That Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze,
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise —
- 4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase :
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. C. M.

Morning.

- T**O Thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before ;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past ;

HYMNS.

And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. III. 1.

Morning.

NOW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 168. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night .
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :

HYMNS.

- Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him, above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. L. M.

Evening.

- G**REAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord ; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMNS.

HYMN 170. C. M.

Evening.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 171. S. M.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone ;
The evening shades appear :
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. III. 1.

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee :

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,

HYMNS.

Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee :
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. IV. 2.

Evening.

- I**NSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.



X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 174. C. M.

Renouncing the World.

- L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;

HYMNS.

- Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His Name, and love, and gracious voice,
Shall fix my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee :
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star ;
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend :

HYMNS.

No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride ;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

HYMN 176. S. M.

Prayer for Christian Graces.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer ;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less ;

HYMNS.

This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great Name ;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. III. 3.

Prayer for Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner ;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;

HYMNS.

Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. L. M.

Following the Example of Christ.

- W**HENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive :
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside ;
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. S. M.

Duties.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :

HYMNS.

- 2 From youth to hoary age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live,
 And, oh ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. C. M.

"Forgetting those things which are behind," &c.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

- A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high,
 'T is his own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. C. M.

Doubting.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :

HYMNS.

Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.
- 5 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break ;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. C. M.

Desires after renewed Holiness.

- O**H for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
 - 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd ;
How sweet their memory still :
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.
 - 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

HYMNS.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. III. 1.

Trials.

- 'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all —
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should be a cast-away ?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd :
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

HYMNS.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see :
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

- SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke :
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.
- 2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity ;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire ;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.
- 3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,

HYMNS.

Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see ;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Heaven seen by Faith.

- A**S, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;
- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. IV. 4.

"I would not live alway." Job vii. 16.

- I** WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

HYMNS.

- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
-

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. C. M.

Job xiv. 1, 2-5, 6.

- F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born :
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die ;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God, afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. C. M.

- H**ARK ! from the tombs a mournful sound ;
Mine ears attend the cry ;

HYMNS.

Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers ;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. S. M.

Job xiv. 11-14.

THE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again :

- 2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light :
- 3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.
- 4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin ; till call'd
To share his blest abode.
- 5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMNS.

HYMN 191.

- V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper, angels say
Sister spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite ;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears :
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly :
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting ?
-

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. C. M.

- W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face ;
O, how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,

HYMNS.

That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

- 3 Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.

- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMNS.

HYMN 194. II. 7.

- G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created :
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created :
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. III. 1.

St. Luke xiii. 24-27.

SEELK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.

HYMNS.

- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;
" Lord, we have profess'd thy Name ;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot ;
Christ will say, " I know you not."
-

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. S. M.

- O, WHERE shall rest be found,
' Rest for the weary soul :
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMNS.

HYMN 197. C. M.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies.
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,
 With conscious sighs we own ;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ersshade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim :
With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

HYMNS.

- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright !)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There, shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 199. C. M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea :

HYMNS.

And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes ;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. C. M.

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store ;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells :
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 Oh, could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King !

5 There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ,
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place ;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face ?

HYMNS.

HYMN 201. III. 1.

Revelation vii. 9, &c.

WHO are these in bright array ?

This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion every hour.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
-

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.

GOD of our Fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage ;
Conduct us to our rest.

HYMNS.

- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 203. III. 3.

1 Chronicles xxix. 10-13.

BLESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord ;
Bless'd thy Majesty for ever,
Ever be thy Name adored.

- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own ;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honour ;
Power and might to thee belong ;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.
- 4 Lord our God, for these, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Proverbs iii. 13-17.

O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

HYMNS.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days ;
Her left, imperishable wealth,
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. L. M.

Isaiah xl. 6-8.

- T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.
- 4 But, worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains ;

HYMNS.

Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Isaiah xl. 27-31.

- W**HY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him,
Who made the earth and sky?
- 3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMNS.

HYMN 207. C. M.

Isaiah lvii. 15.

THUS speaks the High and Lofty One :

My throne is fix'd on high ;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky :

- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell ;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'T is my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers ;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain ;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. II. 1.

Habakkuk iii. 17-19.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield ;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,

HYMNS.

Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.

- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love :
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 209. C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.

- T**HOU art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210. S. M.

Philippians ii. 12, 13.

- H**EIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.
- 2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown ;

HYMNS.

The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

- 3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too !

HYMN 211. III. 1.

Ephesians v. 14-17.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still ;
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

LO ! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around ;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race ;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,

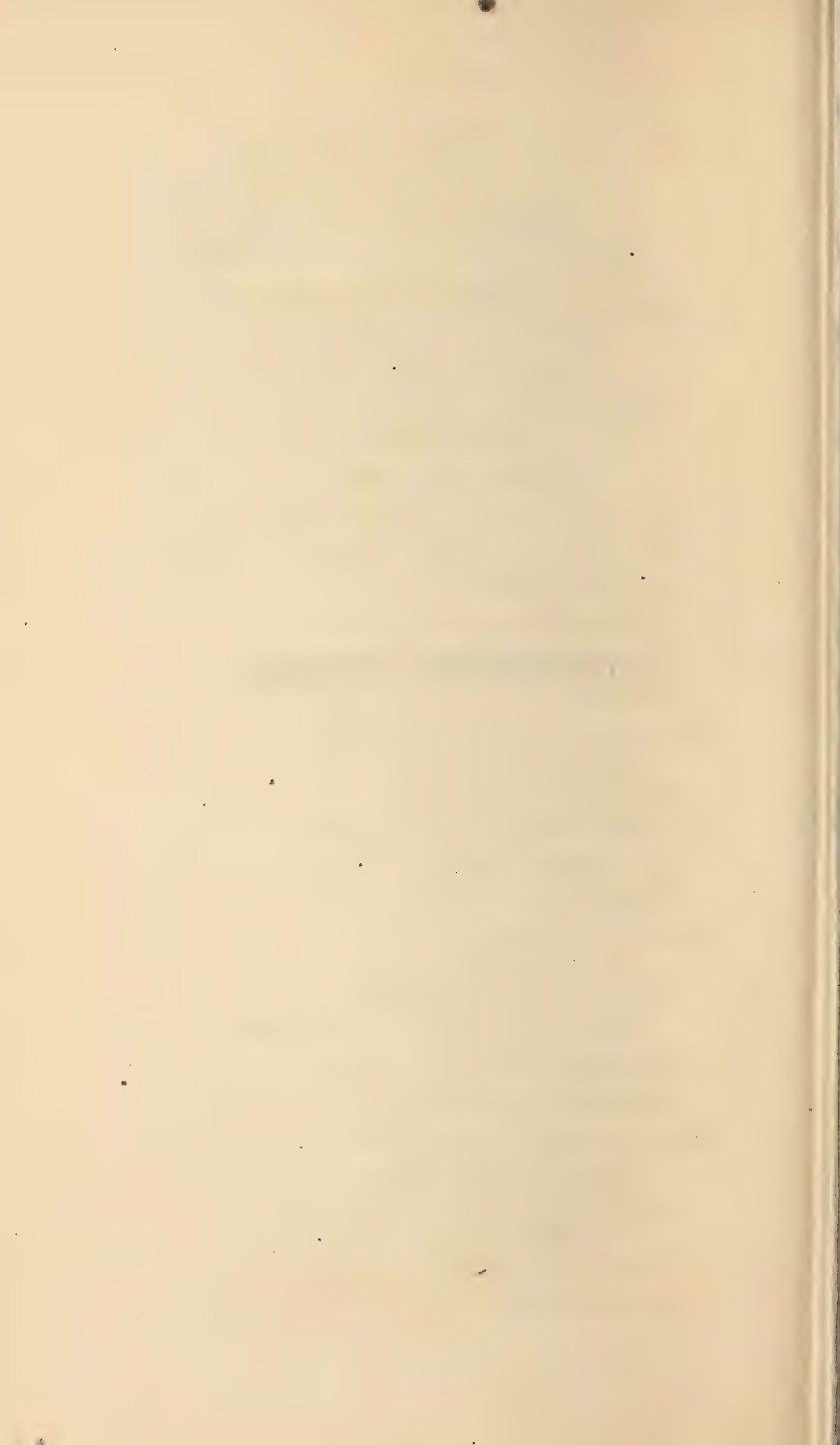
HYMNS.

Jesus, the author, finisher.

Rewarder of our faith :

- 4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand ;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.



ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Redemption.

HYMN 213. II. 4.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 214. C. M.

THÉRÈ is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The Church.

HYMN 215. III. 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :

He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode ;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 216. C. M.

- COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 6 Then, Lord of Hosts, be thou our Guide,
And we, at thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach thy blessed land.

HYMN 217. C. M.

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below —
He follows in his train.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save :
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came :
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame :
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
 Who follows in their train ?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed :
- 8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

Advent.

HYMN 218. III. 3.

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
 " Christ is nigh ! " it seems to say,
" Cast away the works of darkness,
 O ye children of the day ! "

- 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Rises in the morning skies.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, in godly sorrow,
Through his blood to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next he comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May we by his love be shielded!
May he to forgive draw near!

HYMN 219. III. 3.

- SEE, He comes! whom every nation,
Taught of God, desired to see,
Filled with hope and expectation
That He would their Saviour be.
Sing! oh sing with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!
- 2 See, He comes! whom kings and sages,
Prophets, patriarchs of old,
Distant climes and countless ages,
Waited eager to behold.
Sing! oh sing with exultation!
Haste we to our Father's home!
Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
Now from heaven to earth are come!
- 3 See! the Lamb of God appearing!
God of God, from heaven above!
See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering
His own bride with words of love!
Glory to the Eternal Father,
Glory to the Incarnate Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One!

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 220. C. M.

NOW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim !
The chief of all the sons of men,
Who will not welcome him ?

- 2 Rejoice, the hour is near ! At length
The Journeyer, on his way,
Comes in the greatness of his strength,
To keep his festal day.
- 3 Oh ! let the streams of solemn thought
Which in his temples rise,
From deeper sources spring, than aught
Born of the changing skies.
- 4 Then, though the summer's pride departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

HYMN 221. C. M.

ONCE more, O Lord, thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid :

Eor, not in weakness clad thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

- 2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh ! who can understand ?
Or who abide, when thou in wrath
Shalt lift thy holy hand ?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale ;
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

HYMN 222. L. M.

- H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour! with protecting care
Return to this, thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred Name,
Here we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Christmas.

HYMN 223. III. 3.

- H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
Joyous seraphim reply:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh! receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

New Year.

HYMN 224. III. 1.

- W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy Word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Epiphany.

HYMN 225. P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall :
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Lent.

HYMN 226. P. M.

- J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep :
Prone, like Peter, to deny,
Like Peter, I would weep.
Let me be by grace restored ;
On me be all long-suffering shown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow :
Let thy pity help afford,
And while I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

HYMN 227. L. M.

- M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer :
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Passion Week.

HYMN 228. C. M.

- A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

HYMN 229. III. 3.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus;
Hail, thou Galilean King;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Thou didst suffer to release us :
Thou didst free salvation bring !
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By thy merit find we favour ;
Life is given through thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven, —
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, low we bow before thee,
Mediator glorified !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side ;
There for sinners thou art pleading, —
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, never ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Good Friday.

HYMN 230. III. 2.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormword and the gall ;
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished !" — hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

HYMN 231. II. 6.

OH, sacred head, now wounded !
With grief and shame weighed down !
Oh, sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown !
Oh, sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 On me, as thou art dying,
O turn thy pitying eye !
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
Oh, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.
- 4 Be near when I am dying ;
Oh, show thy cross to me !
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From thine eyes shall not move ;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through thy love.

HYMN 232. II. 4.

- T**HE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great High-Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
His purposes of love ;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself he stands ;
A heavenly Priesthood his.
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High-Priest again;
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Easter.

HYMN 233. III. 1.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

- 3 But the pains which he endured
Our salvation have procured ;
Now above the sky he 's King,
Where the angels ever sing,

Hallelujah !

Ascension.

HYMN 234. L. M.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There for him high triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves :
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.
- 6 Master (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

HYMN 235. L. M.

- W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high-priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
 - 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
 - 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

~~Whit~~-Sunday.

HYMN 236. L. M.

- C**REATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee!
- 4 Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.
- 5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

HYMN 237. S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power ;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

3 Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

HYMN 238. C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
Of tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

- 4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

Trinity Sunday.

HYMN 239. III. 5.

HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with his righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in thy name, —
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

- 4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them thine.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 240. P. M.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the spirit-blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Light !
Through the world, far and wide,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Let there be light !

Thanksgiving-day.

HYMN 241. L. M.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year ;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled ;
No blasting winds our path assailed.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garners stored !
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace ;
Time of decision, awful hour !
Around it let no tempests lower !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love !

HYMN 242. II. 4.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

- 2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay —
Gifts of thy hand.

- 3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Shine in thy Word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen !

May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

- 4 Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone ;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

- 5 And when in power he comes,
Oh, may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band ;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

Confirmation.

HYMN 243.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !

Now hear me while I pray
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

HYMN 244. C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own ;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.
- 4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove ;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love !
- 5 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The Lord's Supper.

HYMN 245. P. M.

- B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead :
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Sunday-schools.

HYMN 246. C. M.

- B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The path of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Funerals.

HYMN 247. P. M.

- T**HOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide :
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Prayer.

HYMN 248. III. 1.

- C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

Repentance.

HYMN 249. III. 1.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Now my Father's mercies move,
Justice lingers into love.
- 4 Lo ! for me the Saviour stands ;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands ;
God is Love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Faith.

HYMN 250. P. M.

- J**UST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone.
O Lamb of God, I come.

HYMN 251. C. M.

- F**OREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
“For me the Saviour died.”
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin !
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 252. L. M.

- J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
“Jesus hath lived and died for me.”
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 Oh! let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice;
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Rebe.

HYMN 253. C. M.

- J**ESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! **this**
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

HYMN 254. C. M.

- M**Y God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.
- 2 But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

HYMN 255. C. M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Praise.

HYMN 256. III. 3.

- L**ORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Heaven is still with anthems ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy," singing,
" Lord of hosts, the Lord most High ! "
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow.
- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy" — blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!

HYMN 257. L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 258. C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the Altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him — Lord of all!
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormword and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him — Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him — Lord of all.

HYMN 259.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise :
Alleluia.
For the glory of their King,
Shall the ransomed people sing ;
Alleluia.
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall reëcho through the sky
Alleluia.
They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.

- 2 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite

Your Alleluia.

- 3 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing

Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.

- 4 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn and cry again
Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia.

Here let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry
Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth and continents reply
Alleluia.

- 5 To God who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluia.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves,

Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves,

Alleluia.

Therefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,

Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpoured

Alleluia to the Lord :

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore :

Praise be done to the Three in One !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

Peace.

HYMN 260. C. M.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !

A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me ;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within ;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

HYMN 261. C. M.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life!

HYMN 262. C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way, —
Shall I resist them both?
The poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
- 6 But oh! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 263. P. M.

- M**Y Saviour, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done,
- 2 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done!
- 3 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

- 4 My Saviour, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !

Daily Devotion.

HYMN 264. II. 5.

- A**BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me **abide** ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay on all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN 265. L. M.

- F**ORTH in thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to that glorious day.
- 3 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 266. C. M.

- F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life !
Sweet source of life divine,
And — all harmonious names in one —
My Saviour ! thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 267. P. M.

- NEARER, my God, to thee !
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone, —
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven :
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

HYMN 268. L. M.

- S**UN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store,
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Death.

HYMN 269. L. M.

- A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2** Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its painful sting.
- 3** Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4** Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5** Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 270. S. M.

- F**OREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.
- 2** Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3** My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
The golden gates appear!

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expand thy bow of peace.

HYMN 271. C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee !
- 2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl :
O God ! if I were there !
- 3 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity !
- 4 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 5 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;
For evermore they spring,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

And all the nations of the earth,
To thee their honors bring.

- 7 Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

HYMN 272. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'll launch away.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Judgment.

HYMN 273. P. M.

- D**AY of wrath ! that day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded :
Thence shall justice be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 When shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me.
- 11 Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With thy favored sheep, oh, place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in thy dread keeping!
- 19 To the rest thou didst prepare him
By thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

Eternity.

HYMN 274.

LET me not, thou King Eternal,
Enter hell's domain infernal!
Where is grieving, where is sadness,
Where is sorrow, where is madness,
Where despair is ever sighing,
Where the worm is never dying,
Where the shameless are astounded,
Where the guilty are confounded.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 Me, may Zion welcome, saved ;
Tranquil city, seat of David ;
God its builder, light immortal :
Orient pearl each blazing portal ;
Crystal gold its streets ; the nation
Of the blest its population ;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the guard that dwells around it.
- 3 With what joyous gratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations !
What the warmth of their embracing !
What the gems thy walls enchasing !
Through that city's streets are wending,
Holy throngs, their anthems blending ;
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious !

HYMN 275.

- B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
Oh, happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 3 Oh, sweet and blessed country !
The home of God's elect ;

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

HYMN 276.

- J**ERUSALEM, the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await me there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 3 And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow !
Oh, state that fear'st no strife !
Oh, royal land of flowers !
Oh, realm and home of life !
- 4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

HYMN 277.

FOR thee, oh dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh one, oh only mansion ;
Oh Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
Thou hast no shores, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

SELECTED HYMNS.

PREFACE.

THIS Selection from the two books, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and "Hymns for Church and Home," has been made, at the request of several of the Bishops, by two of their number.

It is intended to be used in connection with our present authorized books, consequently the duplicates are omitted; forty from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and seventy-one from "Hymns for Church and Home." Other hymns are omitted, either in compliance with the report of a committee made to the House of Bishops in October last, or because not deemed available for common worship. Notwithstanding these reductions, this Selection numbers 389 Hymns, and when used as a supplement to those already authorized, will make the whole number 666.

The following Bishops have decided to authorize its use in their respective Dioceses:

THOMAS M. CLARK, *Bishop of Rhode Island.*

G. T. BEDELL, *Assistant Bishop of Ohio.*

A. C. COXE, *Bishop of Western New York.*

B. B. SMITH, *Bishop of Kentucky.*

C. P. McILVAINE, *Bishop of Ohio.*

ALFRED LEE, *Bishop of Delaware.*

MANTON EASTBURN, *Bishop of Massachusetts.*

JOHN WILLIAMS, *Bishop of Connecticut.*

T. F. DAVIS, *Bishop of South Carolina.*

THOMAS ATKINSON, *Bishop of North Carolina.*

HENRY W. LEE, *Bishop of Iowa.*

ALEXANDER GREGG, *Bishop of Texas.*

WM. B. STEVENS, *Bishop of Pennsylvania.*

THOMAS H. VAIL, *Bishop of Kansas.*

ROBERT H. CLARKSON, *Miss. Bishop of Nebraska.*

GEO. M. RANDALL, *Miss. Bishop of Colorado, etc.*

J. B. KERFOOT, *Bishop of Pittsburgh.*

GEO. D. CUMMINS, *Assistant Bishop of Kentucky.*

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Holy Scriptures.

278

(1 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

279

(2 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky :
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

280

(4 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

- I**SRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the Gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour pass.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To make the sinner's peace with God.
- 3 The scapegoat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
" Behold ! I bear your sins away."
- 4 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea,
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

281

(201 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Thy word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."

- L**ORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee! Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Creation.

282

(10 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- I** SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eyes,
Though I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven are seen his beams of love,
His wrath in hell beneath :
'T is on his earth I stand or move,
And 't is his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Providence.

283

(11 Ch. & H.) C. M.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide ;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.
- 3 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.
- 4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.
- 5 And thronging round, with steadfast love,
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And soothe our souls to rest.
- 6 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

284

(13 Ch. & H.) II. 5.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

- 2 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

285

(197 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ Lord, thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another.”

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Redemption.

286

(15 Ch. & H.) C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
One spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh ! amazing love,
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their everlasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
Yet, though ye raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

287

(16 Ch. & H.) H. 4.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name ;
By thee the joyful news

SELECTED HYMNS.

Of our salvation came, —
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Our guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
Thy powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :
Thine is the power ; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

288

(17 Ch. & H.) S. M.

NO blood of bird or beast,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience rest,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And reads her pardon there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

289

(19 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'T is music in the sinner's ears.
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks — and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe,
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame for joy.

290

(20 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, — Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness
And every transgression,

SELECTED HYMNS.

His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath bought us our pardon ;
We 'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded.
To Jesus repair ;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear ?
Though your sins be as scarlet
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious ;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou 'rt more than victorious ;
Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore ;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise him the more ;
We 'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, etc.

' There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby
we must be saved."

TO the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay ;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'T is the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'T is the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near ;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessed Name revere ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Holy Jesu, thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there. Amen.

292

(193 Anc. & M.) II. 2.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches,
and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

FROM highest heaven th' Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer, and to die;
For love of sinful man he bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

- 2 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died, his flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With angels round the throne above
O tell the wonders of his love,
The joys that from his mercy flow.
- 3 In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way.
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But he hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever strong to save.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heaven and earth adore;
To him who gave his only Son,
To God the spirit, with them One,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

The Church.

293

(23 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 The only watchword — Love ;
 From many temples though it rise,
 One song ascending to the skies.

- 2 Head of the church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew !
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

294

(25 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HEAD of the hosts in glory !
 We joyfully adore thee,
 Thy church below,
 Blending with those on high —
 Where through the azure sky
 Thy saints in ecstasy
 Forever glow !

- 2 Angels ! archangels ! glorious
 Guards of the church victorious !
 Worship the Lamb !
 Crown him with crowns of light,
 One of the Three by right —
 Love, Majesty, and Might —
 The great I AM !
- 3 Martyrs ! whose mystic legions
 March o'er yon heavenly regions
 In triumph round :
 Wave high your banners, wave !
 Your God, our Saviour, clave

SELECTED HYMNS.

For Death itself a grave, —
In hell profound !

- 4 Saints ! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet !

- 5 Then raise the song of gladness,
To dissipate our sadness,
And dry our tears ;
We wend our weary way
Up to the realms of day,
And watch and wait and pray,
Through hopes and fears !

- 6 Saviour, in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthron'd in power,
Grant, by thy awful Name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour.

295

(27 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favour'd lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove :
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

But no changes
E'er can change Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

296

(28 Ch. & H.) L. M.

KINDRED in Christ ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

- 4 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away
We 'll love and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

297

(29 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain;
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

298

(34 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place ;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard our erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

The Lord's Day.

299

(36 Ch. & H.) C. M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom !

O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

SELECTED HYMNS.

300

(37 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

GOD the Creator bless'd
 The Sabbath of his rest ;
 His six days' work had brought
 The universe from nought ;
 The heavens and earth before him stood,
 He saw them and pronounced them good.

2 God the Redeemer bless'd
 The Sabbath of his rest,
 When all his suffering done,
 The cross's victory won,
 In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,
 Then rising made a holier day,

3 And God the Spirit bless'd
 That Christian Day of rest,
 Where met with one accord
 The servants of the Lord ;
 To whom the Father's promise came,
 Like rushing wind and living flame.

4 The church below has bless'd
 And owns this day of rest,
 When in her spousal dress
 Of blood-bought righteousness,
 Her happy spirit can rejoice
 To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice.

5 They love the hallow'd day,
 Who love to sing and pray ;
 The day of rest they love,
 Who seek their rest above :
 They love the day of God in seven,
 Who prize an antepast of heaven.

301

(38 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

GOD is in his holy temple,
 All the earth keep silence here ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord appear.
- 2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat :
Saints rejoice ! and sinners tremble !
Each prepare his God to meet :
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.
- 3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround ;
Hearken to his glorious Gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound :
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.
- 4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
O thou Great Unsearchable !
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell ;
Welcome, welcome,
God with us, Emmanuel.

302

(39 CH. & H.) S. M.

- STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice :
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

303

(40 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found ;
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
 - 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here too our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.
 - 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And open heaven before our eyes.
 - 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

304

(41 Ch. & H.) H. 4.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !

SELECTED HYMNS.

To thine abode my heart aspires
With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest ;
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

305

(42 Ch. & H.) C. M.

BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
 His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind ;
And they the day of Christ who love,
 A happy week shall find.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

306

(43 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- WITHIN thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces, heavenward, Lord, were set,
Their solemn vows to thee they vowed.
- 2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
The far-spread family awoke,
The Lord's Day round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,
Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 5 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
Thy chasten'd ones have kiss'd the rod,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

307

(44 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- WITH joy we hasten to the place
Where we our Saviour oft have met;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.
- 2 Though poverty be ours at home,
Or with affliction we be fed,
It makes amends if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

SELECTED HYMNS

- 3 We thank thee, for thy day, O Lord ;
Here we thy promised presence seek ;
Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
And grant us manna for the week.

308

(45 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- L**ORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye ;
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of truth and grace,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

309

(46 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep his counsels, how divine!
- 4 O, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

310

(47 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- I**N thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor wearied be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee, thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceiv'd before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

311

(48 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,

SELECTED HYMNS

With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

312

(49 Ch. & H.) L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

313

(22 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" This is the day which the Lord hath made."

A GAIN the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

- 2 For by his flock their Lord declared
His resurrection should be shared ;
And they who trust in him to save
In him are risen from the grave.
- 3 We, one and all, of him possest
Are with exceeding treasures blest ;
For all he did and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share.
- 4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessed immortality,

SELECTED HYMNS.

True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all his gifts, and all our own.

- 5 And therefore unto thee we sing,
O Lord of Peace, Eternal King ;
Thy love we praise, thy name adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

314

(30 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made."

SIX days of labour now are past :
Thou retest, holy God ;
And with approving eye hath seen
That all is very good.

- 2 Blest is the seventh morn of light,
Hallowed for rest divine ;
Yet, Lord, a new creation needs
That mighty power of thine.

- 3 Ten thousand voices praise thy Name
In earth, and sea, and sky ;
But fallen man by sin has marred
The blissful harmony.

- 4 Come, Lord, create his heart anew ;
His heart of stone remove :
Then hymns of praise again shall rise,
The fruits of holy love.

- 5 Oh ! for the songs that thou wilt bless,
Where heart and voice agree ;
Oh ! for the prayers that plead aright
With thy dread Majesty.

- 6 All praise to God, the Three in One,
Who high in glory reigns ;
Who by his word hath all things made,
And by his word sustains. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Advent.

315

(32 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“His Name is called the Word of God.”

O HEAVENLY Word, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's Might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn ;

2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with thine own true love ;
That we, who hear thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

3 And when as Judge thou drawest nigh
The secrets of all hearts to try ;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home ;

4 O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from thy Face at last ;
But with the blessed evermore
Behold and love thee and adore.

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

316

(34 Anc. & M.) S. M.

‘ Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee.’

THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be ;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set his servants free.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King ;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace he comes to bring.
- 4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And his true members all unite
With him in heaven to reign.
- 5 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.
- 6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

317

(35 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

- ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out thine Hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whose Advent doth thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

318

(36 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“ The Redeemer shall come to Zion ”

- O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 4 O come, thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 5 O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

319

(38 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.”

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

- 2 When shrivelling, like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Amen.

320

(39 Anc. & M.) III. 5.

‘ Behold he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see him, and
they also which pierced him.’”

LO ! he comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Alleluia !

Christ appears on earth again.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Those dear tokens of his Passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

- 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
O come quickly !
Alleluia ! Amen.

321

(50 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

- O WISDOM, who o'er earth below,
Forth from the mouth of God didst flow,
Draw nigh and help us when we call,
And strongly, sweetly order all ;
The path of prudence teach, that we
May dwell with thee eternally.
- 2 Ruler and Lord, draw nigh, draw nigh !
Who to thy flock on Sinai
Didst give, of ancient times, thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe ;
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save, O God, thine Israel.
- 3 Thou Rod of Jesse's stem, arise,
And free us from our enemies ;
And set us loose from Satan's chains,
And from the pit with all its pains :
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In haste to save thine Israel.
- 4 Key of the House of David, come !
Reopen thou our heavenly home !
Make safe the way that we must go,
And close the paths that lead below :
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save us, Lord, from sin and hell.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 O Orient Star, arise, draw nigh,
To give us comfort from on high;
And drive away the gloom of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light:
Draw nigh, O Lord, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.
- 6 Holy of Holies, hear our cry,
Thou Majesty of God most High;
Destroy our sins, thy people bless
With everlasting righteousness:
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And save thy captive Israel.
- 7 O thou on whom the Gentiles wait,
Who 'midst the nations shall be great;
Thy church's chief and corner-stone,
Who in thyself hast made all one;
O come and save, for thy dear sake,
Mankind whom thou of dust didst make!
- 8 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And loose thy captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Comes now to thee, O Israel.

322

(52 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

- L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show thy power in every nation,
O thou Prince of peace and love!

SELECTED HYMNS.

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

- 4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release :
By the presence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

323

(54 Ch. & H.) III. I.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

324

(57 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;

SELECTED HYMNS

- And withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruise'd, the suffering, and the dead !
- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm ;
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene ? the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
" Rocks hide us ! mountains on us fall ! "
Thy saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing — " The Lord is come ! "

325

(58 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- M**ESSIAH ! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still ;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale ;
Fresh o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.
- 3 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.
- 4 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
A loud hosanna sing ;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

326

(59 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE Church has waited long,
 Her absent Lord to see,
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps a mourner yet,
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died ;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side ;
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn ;
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

3 The serpent's brood increase,
 The powers of hell grow bold,
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,
 And love is waxing cold.
 How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy, and true, and good,
 Wilt thou not judge thy suff'ring Church,
 Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

4 We long to hear thy voice,
 To see thee face to face,
 To share thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share thy grace.
 Should not the loving bride
 Her absent bridegroom mourn ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

Should she not wear the signs of grief
Until her Lord return ?

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

- 5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall her beauteousness restore,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

327

(62 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise :
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear ;
And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of man appear.
- 4 But, though from his awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly ;
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

328

(63 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in each hand !
This before the throne their strain, —
“ Hell is vanquish'd — death is slain !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 "Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"
- 3 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renew'd.
- 4 Time has nearly reach'd its sum;
All things, with the Bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come and reign for evermore.

329

(64 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

- R**EJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising;
And soon will he draw nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 Oh! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee !

Christmas.

330

(65 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations ;
Ye have seen his natal star ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

331

(67 Ch. & H.) P. M.

COME, hither! ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing!

Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King!

To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord!

Oh, come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

- 2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

- 3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

- 4 To thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh, come! let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

SELECTED HYMNS.

332

(68 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MORTALS, awake ; with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with ecstasy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

333

(69 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high ;"
Lord, unloose my faltering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I ?

SELECTED HYMNS. .

- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room?
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Master, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one;
I will love thee without end.

334

(70 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

335

(72 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his Name.

336

(73 Ch. & H.) C. M.

The presentation of Christ in the Temple.

- L**ORD at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasped the holy child !
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried ;
"Behold thy servant dies ;
-I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes :
- 4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus ! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If thou be in my arms.

SELECTED HYMNS.

337

(42 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;

O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him

Born, the King of angels:

O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,

Light of Light,

Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;

Very God,

Begotten, not created:

O come, let us adore him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,

Glory to God

In the highest:

O come, let us adore him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,

Born this happy morning;

Jesu, to thee be glory given;

Word of the Father,

Now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him,

O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Amen.

338

(46 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"God was manifest in the flesh."

OF the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,

SELECTED HYMNS.

He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore !

2 This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord ;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word ;
Now he shines, the long-expected :
Let creation praise its Lord :
Evermore and evermore !

3 O ye heights of heaven adore him !
Angel hosts his praises sing !
All dominions bow before him
And extol our God and King :
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore !

4 Christ ! to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee !
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore ! Amen.

339

(47 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“ Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy.”

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice : " Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds
ran,

To see the wonders God had wrought for man .
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn :
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

- 5 Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :
Trace we the babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
Tread in his steps assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display :
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

New Year.

340

(239 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom.'

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying bed.

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

341

(240 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is even in thee."

THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears ;

2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the Faith
Which saints of old believed.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness ;
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for thee.
- 6 O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise thee, year by year,
As angels do above.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

342

(79 Ch. & H.) P. M.

- COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear ;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream ;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,

SELECTED HYMNS.

The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here
3 Oh ! that each in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do !"
Oh ! that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done ;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne !"

Circumcision.

343

(55 Anc. & M.) S. M.

'And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, his Name was called Jesus.'

THE ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless Child.

3 His infant Body now
Begins our pain to feel ;
Those precious drops of blood that flow
For death the victim seal.

4 To-day the Name is thine,
At which we bend the knee ;
They call thee Jesus, child divine !
Our Jesus deign to be.

5 All praise, Eternal Son,
For thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
In glorious might above. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Epiphany.

344

(58 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ We have seen his star in the east.”

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to his cradle bring.

2 See now fulfilled what God decreed,
“ From Jacob shall a star proceed ; ”
And eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

3 The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay ;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way :
Home, kindred, father-land, and all
They leave at their Creator’s call.

5 O Jesu ! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use

6 All glory, Jesu, be to thee,
For this thy glad Epiphany :
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

345

(59 Anc. & M.) III. 3.

“ And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least
among the princes of Juda : for out of thee shall come a Governor,
that shall rule my people Israel.”

EARTH hath many a noble city ;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule his Israel.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblations rich and rare ;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

346

(62 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was
subject unto them.”

THE Heavenly Child in stature grows,
And growing learns to die ;
And still his early training shows
His coming agony.

- 2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor ;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse ;
The maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He, whom the choirs of angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 For this thy lowliness revealed,
Jesu, we thee adore ;
And praise to God the Father yield,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

347

(63 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"God be merciful unto us and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance."

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Let thy love on all be poured ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

348

(64 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

A S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light.
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to thee our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

349

(65 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" Unto you which believe he is precious."

JESU ! the very thought is sweet !
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
But oh ! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his presence are.

- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus Son of God most High.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, oh how kind !
But what art thou to them that find ?
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.
- 5 O Jesu, King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !
- 6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with thy grace, we pray ;
And with thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.
Amen.

350

(81 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold ;
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring ;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

- 2 But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified ;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

SELECTED HYMNS.

351

(82 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

352

(83 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- J**OY to the world, the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

353

(84 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

- H**ARK! the song of jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;
Sheath'd his sword ; he speaks, 't is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Septuagesima, &c.

354

(68 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land ? ”

CREATOR of the world, to thee
An endless rest of joy belongs ;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.

2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come ;
And how can we in exile drear
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home ?

3 O Father ! who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessed be ,
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
That banish us so long from thee :

4 But weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon thy loving care ;
Till thou restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

355

(69 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.”

O LORD, in perfect bliss above
Thou couldst not need created love ;
And yet thou didst thy power display,
And earth’s foundations firmly lay.

2 Things that were not, at thy command,
In perfect form before thee stand ;
And all to their Creator raise
A wondrous harmony of praise.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 But even while the world came forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
In thy deep thought thou didst behold
Another world of nobler mould.
- 4 For thou didst will that Christ should frame
A new creation by his Name ;
Its seed, the living word of grace,
He scatters wide in every place ;
- 5 Its home, when time shall be no more,
In heaven with thee for evermore ;
Accepted in thy boundless love
To share his throne and joy above.
- 6 O Father, bless, for they are thine,
O Son, direct in love divine,
O Holy Ghost, with grace endue
The old creation and the new. Amen.

356

(70 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

HOW blest were they who walked in love
With Christ, while yet he dwelt above ;
A righteous band, sustained by grace,
The fathers of the faithful race.

- 2 O who can tell as should be told
The praises of those men of old,
Their patient faith, their longing sighs
Of hope uplifted to the skies ?
- 3 Strangers and pilgrims here below
They deemed the world an empty show :
To purer joys their hearts were given,
The better land they sought was heaven.
- 4 The soul that truly cleaves to God
Still longs to gain that blest abode .

SELECTED HYMNS.

O Christ, forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our own true home.

- 5 All praise to God the Father be :
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee ;
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

357

(71 Anc. & M.) C. M.

‘The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.’

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker’s love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

- 4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

358

(72 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity"

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

- 2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain;
But love alone shall then remain,
When this short day is gone:
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?
- 3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:
Great Three in One, the increase give;
These gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.

Lent.

359

(73 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."

ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Both priest and people weep.

- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn his wrath away
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruised reed ;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to thee we bow ;
Vouchsafe us in thy love
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

360

(75 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for thy Name's sake."

- O MERCIFUL Creator, hear ;
To us in pity bow thine ear :
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.
- 2 Each heart is manifest to thee ;
Thou knowest our infirmity :
Repentant now we seek thy Face ;
Impart to us thy pardoning grace.
- 3 Our sins are manifold and sore,
But spare thou them who sin deplore ;
And for thine own Name's sake make whole
The fainting and the weary soul.
- 4 Grant us to mortify each sense
By means of outward abstinence,
That so from every stain of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to thee,
That thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

361

(77 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"In due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

- O THOU who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou hope of all our race,
Jesu, to thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 2 With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought and word and deed:
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again
From every burden freed.
- 3 If thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'T is thine alone to spare;
With cleanséd hearts to pray aright
And find acceptance in thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.
- 4 'T is thou hast blessed this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That when our Easter morn we hail
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.
- 5 O Blessed Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Until, within thy courts above,
We see thy face, and sing thy love,
And with thy saints adore. Amen.

362

(78 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing."

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about thy way ;
Stones thy pillow ; earth thy bed.

3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain ?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side ;
That with thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

363

(79 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.
- 5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

364

(80 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord ; for in thy sight
shall no man living be justified."

O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;

- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here ;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 Mercy, Good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is my humble prayer ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy spare.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

365

(82 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,
- 5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face. Amen.

366

(85 Ch. & H.) C. M.

O SAVIOUR, leave us not alone
To wrestle with our sin,
But aid us in these holy hours
Of solemn discipline.

- 2 Let not the Tempter tempt us, Lord,
Beyond our strength to bear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Though in the desert of our woe
He wildly prompts despair,
- 3 Let not our humble confidence
Be from thy promise stirr'd,
Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up
Between us and thy word.
- 4 Nor let us yet be lifted up
By him, the Prince of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height,
And left to perish there :
- 5 Nor on the Temple's pinnacle,
In our self-righteous pride,
Be set forsaken of thine aid,
For demons to deride.
- 6 And oh ! when pleasure, power, and pomp
Around our vision swim,
And through the soft enchanting mist
He bids us worship him ;
- 7 Assist us from the reeling sense,
The serpent's spell to break,
And tread the arch-apostate down,
Redeemer, for thy sake.

367

(87 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- R**ETURN, my roving heart ! return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Now seek in solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess ;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleans'd and purified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Oh! with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling here.

368

(94 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- O help us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold indeed,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith
More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

369

(95 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- JESUS, Lord, we kneel before thee,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord!
- 2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw near nigh to God,
Only in thy spotless merit,
Only through thy precious blood:
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

SELECTED HYMNS.

3 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

5 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls on thee relying
Find thee still our hope and stay
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

7 Jesus, may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford ;
May we now thy love possessing
Find at last the great reward ;
By thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Sunday next before Easter.

370

(86 Anc. & M.) II. 6.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c. Amen.

371

(87 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.
Amen.

Passion Week and Good Friday.

372

(84 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be ;
For God is reigning from the tree.
- 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !
- 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 To thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

373

(85 Anc. & M.) L. M.

‘ God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.’

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, “ God is love ; ”
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

374

(89 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

"And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly."

SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore;
He of whom the Psalmist sung,
He who woke the Prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

- 2 In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins;
Through his hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.
- 3 There for us he intercedes;
There with God the Father pleads
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting day
He may wipe our tears away.
- 4 Therefore to his Name be given
Glory both in earth and heaven;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

375

(90 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

“Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.”

HE, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With his own most precious blood ;
Coming from his throne on high
On the painful cross to die.

2 O the wisdom of th' Eternal !
O the depth of love divine !
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine !
We were sinners doomed to die ;
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May the blood of his atonement
Cry aloud and plead our cause,
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

4 Prince and author of salvation,
Lord of majesty supreme,
Jesu, praise to thee be given
By the world thou didst redeem :
Glory to the Father be
And the Spirit One with Thee. **Amen.**

376

(92 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“The precious blood of Christ.”

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Blest be his compassion
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;

6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood. Amen.

377

(93 Anc. & M.) II. 7.

“ Behold the man.”

O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning ;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning ;
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on his head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded ;
Look on his sacred hands and feet
Which piercing nails have wounded :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- See every limb with scourges rent :
On him the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded !
- 3 'T is not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends, too, are forsaking ;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching ;
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn
By Jesus, son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.
- 4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction ;
None ever felt a grief like his
In that dread crucifixion :
For us he bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes
In oft-renewed infliction.
- 5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation ;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation ;
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation ?
- 6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen.

378

(95 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.”

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.
- 4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation
And thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

379

(97 Anc. & M.) II. 6.

“ Who loved me and gave himself for me.”

- O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.
- 2 I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me.
- 3 In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me

SELECTED HYMNS.

With thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be :
 Beneath thy cross abiding,
 For ever would I rest,
 In thy dear love confiding,
 And with thy presence blest. Amen.

380

(99 *Anc. & M.*) III. 1.

“ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? Behold, and see if there
 be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

SEE the destined day arise !
 See, a willing sacrifice,
 Jesus, to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful cross !

- 2 Jesu, who but thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing thy life of woe ?
- 3 Who but thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain ;
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed
 Mingled from thy side with blood ;
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished Sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
 In that sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

381

(100 *Anc. & M.*) L. M.

“ They crucified him.”

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
 O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
 O come, together let us mourn ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently he hangs :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed ;
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified. Amen.

382

(102 Anc. & M.) C. M.

‘ Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps.’

- A**NGELS, lament ; behold, your God
Man’s sinful likeness wears ;
Behold, upon the accursed tree
Man’s sins the Saviour bears.
- 2 O Christ, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was thine :
Did God consent to suffer thus,
And, oh, shall man repine ?
 - 3 No, Saviour, no ! the power of death
Thy cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th’ eternal doom.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
 Whate'er our cross may be,
 So thou by grace enable us
 To bear it after thee.
- 5 Thy stripes have healed us, and thy blood
 Our guilty stains effaced ;
 Then may thy Name by sin of ours
 Be never more disgraced. Amen.

383

(105 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

‘And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre.’”

RESTING from his work to-day
 In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
 Still he slept, from head to feet
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealéd stone.

- 2 Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene ;
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend :
 Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where in pure embalméd cell
 None but thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering ;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around ;
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again. Amen

384

(152 Anc. & M. P. M.)

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's Tower,
On the cross I view thee
Calling sinners to thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing :
Bending low before thee,
Helpless I adore thee.

4 By thy red wounds streaming,
With thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

5 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn thou into gladness.

6 Lord in mercy guide me,
Be thou e'er beside me ;
In thy ways direct me,
'Neath thy wings protect me. Amen.

385

(98 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

GREAT High-Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast ;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground in horrors prest.

2 Angels see with sad amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus ;

Oh, be ours deep heart-abasement ;
Lord, we know 't was done for us.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now into that garden lead us,
There to see thy bloody sweat,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,
We the cost may ne'er forget.
- 4 Be thine agonies rehearsed
By the Spirit in our ears,
Till beholding whom we pierced,
Melt our hearts in grateful tears.
- 5 On the cross thy body broken
Cancell'd every legal charge;
Pleading this availing token,
Guilty souls are set at large.
- 6 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'T was for us thy blood was spilt;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

386

(99 Ch. & H.) P. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb!

O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
Thee, thee alone my refuge make,
Thy pierced side.

2 Behold the Lamb!

Archangels — fold your wings;
Seraphs — hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love
Unveil'd — enthroned — adored above,
All heaven admires!

3 Behold the Lamb!

All hail, Eternal Word!
Thou universal Lord,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Purge out our leaven :
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven !

4 Behold the Lamb !
Saints, who in blissful rest
Wait to be fully blest ;
O ! Lord — how long !
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

5 Behold the Lamb !
Worthy is he alone,
To sit upon the throne
Of God above !
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light — all Love !

387

(100 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with thee ; my suit to gain,
I plead what thou hast done :
Didst thou not die the death for me ?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace :
My Surety ! Thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine :
O might he now descend, and rest

SELECTED HYMNS.

For ever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

388

(102 Ch. & H.) C. M.

FORTH flames the standard of our King,
Bright gleams the mystic sign,
When life bore death of suffering,
And death wrought life divine.

- 2 The stabs of the accursed spear,
Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
With water and with blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is each prophetic word,
Each faith-inspiring strain,
Telling the nations of that Lord,
Who by the cross should reign.
- 4 Hail, Cross of Christ! man's only hope;
While now we gaze and pray,
Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,
And wash our sins away.

389

(104 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HIS trial o'er, and now beneath
His own cross meekly bending,
Jesus, the fatal hill of death
Is wearily ascending.

- 2 And now, his hands and feet pierc'd through,
Upon the cross they raise him,
Where even now, in distant view,
The eye of faith surveys him.
- 3 O, wondrous love, which God most high,
Towards man was pleas'd to cherish!
His sinless Son he gave to die,
That sinners might not perish.
4. Our sins' pollution to remove
His blood was asked and given:

SELECTED HYMNS.

So mighty was the Saviour's love,
So vast the price of heaven.

5 Yes! 't is the cross that breaks the rod,
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God,
For our complete salvation.

6 O! praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, thro' whom alone
Our hearts are rais'd to heaven.

390

(106 Ch. & H.) C. M.

O HALLOWED head! compell'd to bow,
Beneath unnumber'd scorns,

O dear, dishonor'd, glorious brow
Now rent by cruel thorns;

Eyes where the light of heaven did reign
Can ye grow glaz'd and dim?

O death — by him for others slain —
Canst thou have power o'er him?

2 Love's mystery o'er the scene doth hang,
Love must unfold it still;

Who could inflict on him a pang,
Without his own blest will?

He, whom the slumbering dead have heard,
Whose voice the winds could tame,

Could crush his murderers with a word,
If such had been his aim.

3 Yea, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Life, light, and joy to me;

My soul thro' doubt and darkness clings
With trembling faith to thee.

Lo, death and hell with all their host
Quail now before their Lord,

And more than was in Adam lost
I see in Christ restor'd.

SELECTED HYMNS.

391

(109 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd ;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood ;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Crucified th' incarnate Son !

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd him here ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear :
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Nor receive the proffer'd good ;
Crucify the Lord again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No, with all my sins I'll part ;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

392

(110 Ch. & H.) P. M.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man, 't is thou ! 't is thou !

2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and woeful, who is he ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,

SELECTED HYMNS.

By the earth enwrap in gloom,
 By the saints who burst their tomb,
 By the promise ere he died
 To the felon at his side ;
 Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow !
 Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Faint and dying, who is he ?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 Of the dying agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chambers of the dead ;
 By the mourners bowed to weep,
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
 Crucified, we know thee now :
 Son of man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is he ?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord ! they know not what they do !"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,
 Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

393

(112 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

ONCE the angel started back,
 When he saw the blood-stain'd door,
 Pausing on his vengeful track,
 And the dwelling passing o'er.
 Once the sea from Israel fled,
 Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our passover is come,
 Dimly shadow'd in time past,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

- 3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel-hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Easter Even.

394

(113 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

PAIN and toil are over now ;
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,
Fold the limb and bind the brow,
In the rich man's sepulchre.

- 2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel ;
Roll the stone and guard it well,
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.
- 3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

Easter.

395

(114 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

HE is risen, he is risen !
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst his three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
Death is vanquish'd, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.
- 3 He is risen he is risen !
He has oped the eternal gate ;
We are loos'd from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eye shall stream.

396

(118 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

ANGELS, roll the rock away !
Death, yield up the mighty prey !
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; angels raise
Your eternal song of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

397

(119 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd had gone.
There awhile she lingering stood,
Lost in anguish and dismay,
Tears she wept — a bitter flood —
Asking where her Saviour lay.

- 2 Soon her sorrow all was gone,
When she heard his own dear voice
Call her, "Mary." — Oh! that tone,
How it bade her heart rejoice!
Such a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day.
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

398

(120. Ch. & H.) III. 5.

COME, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay!
He has burst his bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes the Lord is ris'n to-day!

- 2 Jesus triumphs: sing ye praises!
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's Name!

- 3 Jesus triumphs: countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon in yonder blessed regions
We shall join his praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall thro' heaven's high arches ring.

SELECTED HYMNS.

399

(122 Ch. & H.) S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed ;"
The grave hath lost its prey ;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
He lives, to die no more ;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
Attending angels, hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyous tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each living chord :
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

400

(123 Ch. & H.) P. M.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, that man may not die.
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high, —

"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy ;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

401

(124 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- N**OW at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus, our immortal King.
- 2 O depth of love ! for us he drinks
The chalice of his agony ;
For us, a victim on the cross,
He meekly lays him down to die.
- 3 And as th' avenging angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then clos'd to whelm th' Egyptians o'er ;
- 4 So Christ, our paschal sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through,
While for unleaven'd bread, we need
But heart sincere and purpose true.
- 5 Hail, purest victim heav'n could find,
The powers of hell to overthrow !
Who didst the chains of death destroy,
Who dost the prize of life bestow.
- 6 Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !
To thee alone belongs the crown ;
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
And dragg'd the prince of darkness down.
- 7 O Jesus ! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

402

(106 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now
To him all power is given;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the Father be;
All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

Alleluia! Amen.

403

(109 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.”

LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 While he, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth his ransomed saints to light,
- 3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred ;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
- 4 The pains of hell are loosed at last ;
The days of mourning now are passed ;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

PART II.

- 5 The apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.
- 6 With gentle voice the angel gave
The women tidings at the grave ;
"Fear not, your Master shall ye see,
He goes before to Galilee."
- 7 Then hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Their Lord they met, their living Lord,
And falling at his feet adored.
- 8 Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
That there once more they may behold
The Lord's dear face, as he foretold.

PART III.

- 9 That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The apostles saw their risen Lord.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 10 He bade them see his hands, his side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;
O tokens true, which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.
- 11 Jesu, the King of gentleness,
Do thou thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part.

- 12 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.
- 13 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

404

(110 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the paschal victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
“Christ is risen,” to-day we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

- 2 Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;

SELECTED HYMNS.

"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

- 3 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

Amen.

405

(111 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast."

THE Lamb's high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
Our Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus our triumphant King.

- 2 Upon the altar of the cross
His body hath redeemed our loss;
And, tasting of his crimson blood,
Our life is hid with him in God.
- 3 Protected in the paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
In triumph went the ransomed free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.
- 4 Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of God without a stain;
His flesh, the true unleavened bread,
Is freely offered in our stead.
- 5 O all-sufficient Sacrifice!
Beneath thee hell defeated lies:
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 We hymn thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save;
Thine own right hand the tyrant chains,
And paradise for man regains.
- 7 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

406

(112 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

“Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

- 2 He who gave for us his life.
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia.
- 4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!
- 5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ thy ransomed people feed :
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia! Amen.

407

(113 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Sing ye to the Lord ; for he hath triumphed gloriously."

- AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercé side ;
Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light :
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthal ;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

408

(114 Anc. & M.) P. M.

'O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things.'

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 On that third morn he rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free;
That we may live, and sing to thee,
Alleluia! Amen.

409

(116 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"The First-begotten of the dead."

COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?"

SELECTED HYMNS.

Remember how the Saviour said
That he would rise again."

- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave !
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust :
O risen Lord, in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust. Amen.

410

(117 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"I am he that liveth, and was dead ; and behold, I am alive for ever more, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death."

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

- 3 Jesus lives ! for us he died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia !

5 Jesus lives ! to him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in Heaven.
Alleluia ! Amen.

411

(118 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid ; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.”

JESU, the world's redeeming Lord,
The Father's co-eternal Word,
Of light invisible true light,
Thine Israel's keeper day and night ;

- 2 Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed.
- 3 That, while in weary house of clay
A little longer here we stay,
Our flesh in thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with thee their vigils keep.
- 4 We pray thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe ;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by thee.
- 5 O Lord of all, with us abide,
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

- 6 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Rogation Days.

412

(119 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord ; and thou givest them ~~their~~
meat in due season."

LORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee :
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

(120 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Ask, and it shall be given you.”

GOD the Father, from thy throne,
 Hear us, we beseech thee;
 God, the co-eternal Son,
 Hear us, we beseech thee;
 God the Spirit, mighty Lord,
 Hear us, we beseech thee,
 Three in One, by all adored,
 Hear us, we beseech thee.

2 Jesu! Jesu!

By thy wondrous incarnation,
 By thy birth for our salvation,
 We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
 From every ill defend us,
 Thy grace and mercy send us.

3 Jesu! Jesu!

By thy fasting and temptation,
 By thy nights of supplication,
 We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
 From every ill defend us,
 Thy grace and mercy send us.

4 Jesu! Jesu!

By thy works of sweet compassion,
 By thy cross and bitter passion,
 We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
 From every ill defend us,
 Thy grace and mercy send us.

5 Jesu! Jesu!

By thy blood for sinners flowing,
 By thy death true life bestowing,
 We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
 From every ill defend us,
 Thy grace and mercy send us.

SELECTED HYMNS.

6 Jesu ! Jesu !

By thy glorious resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

7 Jesu ! Jesu !

To the Father's throne ascended,
All thy pain and sorrows ended,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us.

8 Jesu ! Jesu !

Advocate for sinners pleading,
With the Father interceding,
We beseech thee, we beseech thee,
From every ill defend us,
Thy grace and mercy send us. Amen.

Ascension.

414

(122 Anc. & M.) L. M.

" All power is given unto me in heaven and earth."

O Lord most high, Eternal King,
By thee redeemed thy praise we sing ;
The bonds of death are burst by thee,
And grace has won the victory.

- 2 Ascending to the Father's throne,
Thou claim'st the kingdom as thine own ;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is thine for evermore.
- 3 To thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.
- 4 In awe and wonder angels see
How changed is man's estate by thee,

SELECTED HYMNS.

How flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And thou, true God, in flesh dost reign.

- 5 Be thou our joy, O mighty Lord,
As thou wilt be our great reward ;
Let all our glory be in thee
Both now and through eternity.
- 6 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung ;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

415

(123 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place.”

O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God,
Ascend and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

- 2 A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet ;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits :
“ Lift up your heads, eternal gates ! ”
O God-and-Man ! the Father’s throne
Is now for evermore thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heavenward bear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.

- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung ;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

416

(124 Anc. & M.) S. M.

“ Who is gone into heaven.”

THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies ;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

417

(125 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.”

JESU, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And thou art on thy Father's throne
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we stand around thy throne,
And see thy glory there !
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.
- 6 All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven ;
All praise to God the Father's Name
And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

418

(125 Ch. & H.) C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And conquer'd all our foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down
From the right hand of Majesty,
On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

419

(126 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THE Saviour stood on Olivet ;
His earthly task was o'er ;
And wherefore should he linger yet
On this world's dreary shore ?
He rais'd on high his hands divine ;
He blessed his faithful train ;
Oh ! when shall Adam's guilty line
Such blessings hear again ?

- 2 Then slowly tow'rd's th' expecting sky,
The sky's Creator rose ;
Angelic watchers, ranged on high,
Bade heaven's bright gates uncloze.
And in he came, the Lord of might,
Eternal and supreme ;
Whose presence e'en those realms of light
Illum'd with brighter beam.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 O Thou, who thus exalted art,
On whom our souls rely,
Grant to us now, in mind and heart,
To dwell with thee on high!
And when at length, redeem'd by thee,
The just that sleep shall rise;
With theirs our happy portion be,
A home beyond the skies.

420

(127 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
In pow'r and might excelling;
Hell and the grave are captive led,
Lo! he returns, our glorious Head,
To his eternal dwelling!

- 2 The heav'ns with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel-hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
O earth! adore thy glorious King,
His rising, his ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.

- 3 Our great High-Priest hath gone before,
Thence on his Church his grace to pour,
And bring us to salvation;
O may our hearts to him ascend
May all within us upward tend
With joyful expectation!

- 4 By saints on earth and saints in heav'n,
All praise to Christ our King be giv'n,
Who hath to heav'n ascended;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of heaven's resplendent host,
Whose reign shall ne'er be ended.

SELECTED HYMNS.

421

(129 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- L**OOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels bend around him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Lamb of God, our strong salvation,
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him;
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

422

(132 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his Name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless honour paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on his head.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then hasten time's delaying pace,
And bring the promis'd hour.

423

(133 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !

Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Fill'd with thee let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

- 2 Join'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest ?
They the heights of glory see,
Search the depths of Deity.
- 4 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
Sink as low, and mount as high ;
Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;
Shout, or silently adore.

424

(136 Ch. & H.) C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold

A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
Did they within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne.
- 3 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 4 He ever lives, to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
For us, O Lord, in mercy plead,
And fill us with thy grace !

425

(137 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- S**TAND up, my soul, thy fears dismiss,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless bliss,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins thy foes may be,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the tree,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
 - 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy and palms are won,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
 - 4 A starry crown shall be my prize,
Triumphant through Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

~~Whit~~-Sunday.

426

(145 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SPIRIT, pour'd on Pentecost,
Paraclete and Holy Ghost,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Resting on the Eternal Son,
Holy ! uncreated One !
Breath of life ! thine aid impart,
Waken every slumbering heart,
Every grovelling soul refine,
With thy power and grace divine.

- 2 Sanctifier ! seal our hearts
With the truth thy word imparts ;
Sacred truths and themes instil,
And thy pleasure all fulfil ;
There let Christ replace his throne,
And possess us for his own,
Till our bodies all shall be
Temples to thy Deity !
- 3 Everlasting Spirit ! come,
Teach us life's imperfect sum ;
All on earth is dark and drear,
Changeful as the changing year ;
Raise our souls from things of earth,
Subjects of a better birth,
And our song shall be of thee
Through a blest eternity !

427

(146 Ch. & H.) P. M.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, thou Light of all that live !

- 2 Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow ;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill ;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man can stay,
And his good is turn'd to ill.
- 4 Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sev'nfold gifts descend ;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

428

(147 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

429

(148 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some token of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of a part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

430

(149 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY GHOST ! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost ! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long hath sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost ! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine :
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Ghost ! thou Lord divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

431

(128 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"When thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made, and thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

COME, thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

- 2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below !
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe !
- 3 O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill :
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

Amen

432

(130 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

5 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

433

(131 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.”

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

4 O Holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One ;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.

434

(139 Anc. & M.) P. M.

‘ If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you ; but if I depart I will send him unto you.’

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.
- 6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

435

(173 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.'

- COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there :
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Trinity Sunday.

436

(132 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord
of hosts.'

ALL hail, adored Trinity ;
All hail, eternal Unity ;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever one.

2 Behold to thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay ;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising thee.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore ;
In thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity ! O Unity !
Be present as we worship thee ;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

Amen.

437

(133 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

BLEST Trinity, from mortal sight
Veiled in thine own eternal light,
We thee confess, in thee believe,
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father, thou most Holy One !
O God of God, Eternal Son !
O Holy Ghost, thou Love divine !
To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is One :
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Such as the Father, such the Son,
And such the Spirit, Three in One :
The Three one perfect verity,
The Three one perfect charity.
- 5 Eternal Father, thee we praise ;
To thee, O Son, our hymns we raise ;
O Holy Ghost, we thee adore ;
One mighty God for evermore. **Amen.**

438

(134 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"O praise God in his holiness."

- O** GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are thine.
- 2 O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be thou by every tongue implored,
Be thou by every heart adored.
 - 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
 - 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.
 - 5 O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to thee :
In heaven and earth exalted be. **Amen.**

439

(135 Anc. & M.) P. M.

'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee :

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth,
and sky, and sea :
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
Amen.

440

(137 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name.”

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights ! with morning, shine :
Lift on us thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship thee :
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

441

(151 Ch. & H.) S. M.

FATHER in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive,
Of thy creating love.

- 2 Incarnate Deity
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy and bliss,
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 4 The grace to sinners showed
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb."
- 5 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.
- 6 Eternal, Triune Lord :
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon thy love.
- 7 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise.

442

(152 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

SELECTED HYMNS.

All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore ;
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

443

(154 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Fast Day.

444

(155 Ch. & H.) C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay ;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe :
Now let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 Though justice near thine awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

445

(227 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

(To be used when there is a deficiency in the crops.)

“ Although the fields shall yields no meat yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

WHAT our Father does is well ;
Blessed truth his children tell !
Though he send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

- 2 What our Father does is well ;
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 What our Father does is well ;
Though he sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength his word supplies ;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at his rod ?
- 4 What our Father does is well ;
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore, unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise :
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

446

(235 Anc. & M.) L. M.

(In time of War.)

“ The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace.”

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

- 2 Remember Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on thy faithful word ?
None ever called on thee in vain :
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

447

(236 Anc. & M.) C. M.

(In time of Pestilence.)

'Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.'

IN grief and fear to thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

- 2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And Pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.
- 3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.
- 4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

Thanksgiving Day.

448

(160 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to lower.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring:

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering fountains of the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

449

(161 Ch. & H.) P. M.

- THE God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice ;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless his holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth :
To glory in your lot
Is comely — but be not
His benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

450

(165 Ch. & H.) II. 4.

(After a Pestilence.)

SING Hallelujah ; sing
Glory to God alone !
Bring your oblations, bring
Thank-offerings to the throne ;
Take words of joy, of comfort take ;
Awake to love, to life awake.

- 2 The Lord put forth his hand,
He touched us and we died ;
Vengeance went through the land,
But mercy walk'd beside ;
He heard our prayers : he saw our tears,
And stay'd the plague and quell'd our fears.
- 3 What shall we give to thee,
O thou whose purer eyes
Behold iniquity
In man's best sacrifice ?
Ourselves we give, but rest our claim
On Christ, and know none other Name.
- 4 For Jesus' sake forgive
Thy people, Lord, and spare,
To him and thee to live,
For thine and his we are ;
Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath ;
Thy Son, by death, has conquer'd death.

451

(223 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of harvest-home !

2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final harvest-hour :
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home ;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day ;
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

4 Come then, Lord of Mercy, come,
Bid us sing thy harvest-home !
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
All upon the golden floor
Praising thee for evermore ;
Come, with thousand angels, come ;
Bid us sing thy harvest-home ! Amen.

452

(224 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

“ Who giveth food to all flesh ; for his mercy endureth forever ”

PRAISE, O praise our God and King !
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Glory to our bounteous King !
Glory let creation sing !
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.
Amen.

453

(226 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

“ The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.”

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank thee for the ripened grain ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest tide.

- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread :
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need :
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be thou their comfort, food, and stay !
Amen.

454

(237 Anc. & M.) P. M.

" O praise the Lord, and ye the name of the Lord ; praise it, O ye
servants of the Lord."

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown :
Let all his saints adore him !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining ;
Oh trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining ;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise ;
Now every voice shall say,
" O praise our God away ; "
Let all his saints adore him !
- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown :
Let all his saints adore him ! Amen.

455

(238 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"O clap your hands together, all ye people ; O sing unto God with the
voice of melody."

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Baptism and Confirmation.

456

(166 Ch. & H.) P. M.

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as thou hast spoken,
And this child at thy command
To the font we bring, in token
That to thee it here is given;
For of such shall be thy heaven.

- 2 Yes, thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would heed it duly,
“He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Shall my kingdom ne’er inherit.”
- 3 Therefore hasten we to thee,
Take the pledge we bring, O! take it;
Let us here thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now thy child, and leave it never;
Thine on earth and thine for ever.
- 4 Make it, Christ, thy member now;
Shepherd, take thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of peace its peace be thou;
Way of life, to heaven, O! lead it;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Be it graff'd in thee forever.

- 5 Now upon thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure ;
Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,
Pour thy blessings without measure ;
Write the name we now have given ;
Write it in the book of heaven.

457

(167 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home :
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

458

(169 Ch. & H.) C. M.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In willing crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I seek my highest joys,
And here true bliss I find.

459

(208 Anc. & M.) P. M.

'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

O FATHER, thou who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
And make thou something out of nought:
O Father, hear!

- 2 O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold
We bring our child to thee;
Thou tender Shepherd take it to thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God!
- 3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant it while yet a babe to be
A child of God, a home for thee,
O Holy Ghost!

- 4 O Triune God, what thou command'st is done:
We speak, but thine the might;

SELECTED HYMNS.

This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! Amen.

460

(211 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost."

- COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which thou hast made.
- 2 O Comforter, to thee we cry;
Thou heavenly gift of God most high:
Thou Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And sweet Anointing from above.
- 3 O Finger of the Hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine;
The promise of the Father thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed thy love in every heart;
The weakness of our flesh supply
With strength and courage from on high.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And peace for evermore bestow;
If thou be our preventing guide
No evil can our steps betide.
- 6 O Holy Ghost, through thee alone
We know the Father and the Son,
Be this our never-changing creed,
That thou dost from them both proceed.
- 7 Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them One:

SELECTED HYMNS.

And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

Amen.

The Lord's Supper.

461

(170 Ch. & H.) L. M.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food ; "
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :
" ' This the new covenant in my blood. "

4 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the lamb.

462

(171 Ch. & H.) C. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

463

(175 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own, withheld too long;
Accept my heart, inspire my song.
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live, and thine would die,
Be thine thro' all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 5 Be thou the witness of my vow;
Angels and men behold me now,
While to thy table I repair,
And seal the sacred covenant there.
- 6 Here, by that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my sole Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

464

(176 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- F**OR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus' my redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

465

(178 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;
- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell;
Who bore our guilt and woe!
- 3 While yet in anguish he survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd;
"Meet and remember me!"

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory ! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

466

(205 Anc. & M.) III. 2.

“ This do in remembrance of me.”

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live :
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee. Amen.

467

(207 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ My Flesh is meat indeed, and my Blood is drink indeed.”

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Ordination and Institution of Ministers.

468

(180 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LORD, thine appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to thee.

- 2 Uphold them by almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer thou their fainting heart.
- 3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified!
- 4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near,
Thy Spirit now be given;
That they who preach, and those who hear,
May sing thy praise in heaven.

469

(182 Ch. & H.) L. M.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

- 2 Within thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee;
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let thine anointed pastors be.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep;
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

Laying the Corner-stone of a Church.

470

(241 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.'

- O** LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;
- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.
 - 3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.
 - 4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 The hands that guide endue with skill ;
The hands that work preserve from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect ;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity ! Amen.

Consecration of a Church.

471

(183 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee :
O make it now thy fix'd abode,
And holy let thy temple be.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly king ;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

SELECTED HYMNS.

472

(184 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
 Thy presence now display ;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us the tokens of thy love,
 Our feeble hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls be holy peace ;
 Thy mercy here reveal ;
 Here give the burden'd soul release,
 The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
 The contrite heart bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith address our prayers ;
 And in the presence of the Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 Here may thy gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by grace divine,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 And bend their wills to thine.

473

(244 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“ Behold I lay in Zion a Chief Corner stone, elect, precious.”

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
 Christ the head and corner-stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Sion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

SELECTED HYMNS

- 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
God the one in three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever three, and ever one,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Missions

474

(185 Ch. & H.) P. M.

SEND out thy light and truth, O God !
With sound of trumpet from above ;
Break not the nations with thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love ;
Justice and mercy meet ;
The work is well begun ;
Through every clime their feet,
Who bring glad tidings, run ;
In earth, as heaven, thy will be done.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Before thee every idol fall,
 Rend the false prophet's veil of lies;
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,
 Be Israel sav'd, let Jacob rise;
 Thy kingdom come indeed,
 Thy Church with union bless,
 All Scripture be her creed,
 And every tongue confess
 One Lord, — the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Now for the travail of his soul,
 Messiah's peaceful reign advance;
 From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 He claims his pledg'd inheritance:
 O thou most mighty! gird
 Thy sword upon thy thigh, —
 That two-edg'd sword — thy word,
 By which thy foes shall die,
 Then be new-born beneath thine eye.
- 4 So perish all thine enemies,
 Their enmity alone be slain;
 Them, in the arms of mercy seize,
 Breathe, and their souls shall come again:
 So may thy friends at length,
 Oft smitten, oft laid low,
 Forth, like the sun in strength,
 Conquering, to conquer go,
 Till to thy throne all nations flow.

475

(186 Ch. & H.) L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
 Put on thy strength! the nations **shake!**
 And let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
 I am Jehovah — God alone!
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name ;
Let Zion's time of favor come ;
Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength ! the nations shake !
Let hostile powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

476

(189 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
 - 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, " Give up thy charge,"
And " keep not back, O North ! "
 - 4 They come, they come ; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
 - 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs the ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

477

(190 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze !
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Morn of gladness !

Let thy glorious dawn appear.

- 2 Let the dark benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
Let Redemption
Freely purchased rule the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

478

(191 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- L**ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

479

(219 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among
all nations."

GOD of grace, O let thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight ;
Like the day-spring on the night
Bid thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine eternal love display ;
Let thy truth direct their way
Till the world be thine.

3 Praise to thee, the faithful Lord ;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising thee.

4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
Owning thee their Judge and King ;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where thy rule shall be.

5 Praise to thee, all-faithful Lord,
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease,
Through the length of days ;

7 While his grace our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall own his fear,
Brought to him in worship near,
Taught his mercy's ways.

Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Parish and Sunday Schools.

480

(195 Ch. & H.) IV. 1.

O COME, let us raise
Our tribute of song ;
Thanksgiving and praise
To Jesus belong ;
He came from above
Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love,
And free us from sin.

2 The old and the young,
His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue,
In him may rejoice ;
We meet him to-day
Triumphantly crown'd,
And welcome his way,
In chorus around.

3 Hosanna ! — that word
To children is dear ;
To Jesus our Lord,
We'll echo it here ;
Let worldlings despise,
And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise,
Hosannas prevail.

4 God's temple shall ring,
While under his eye,
Hosanna we sing,
For Jesus draws nigh :
Hosanna ! our breath
Through life shall proclaim ;
Hosanna ! in death,
In glory, the same !

SELECTED HYMNS.

481

(196 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

WHEN his salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name ;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he went along,
He let them still attend him,
And smil'd to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal son :
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus our King.

482

(197 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read —
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.
- 3 Father ! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above ;
- 4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

483

(199 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O** LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.
 - 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray ;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
 - 4 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there ;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

484

(200 Ch. & H.)

IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do ;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Little clusters
Help to fill the garner, too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray ;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till — sin's dominion falling —
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast then in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to thee ;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity.

485

(201 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us there.

- 2 Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray :
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee ;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

486

(229 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected
praise."

GOD eternal, mighty King,
Unto thee our praise we bring ;
All the earth doth worship thee,
We amid the throng would be.

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! cry
Angels round thy throne on high :
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise ;
Hast not thou a mission too
For thy children here to do ?
- 4 With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine ;
For thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast ;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.
- 6 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto thee our praise we bring ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Infant Schools.

487

(204 Ch. & H.) P. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing — Glory! glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that cannot fade.
Singing — Glory! glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there?
Singing — Glory! glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bath'd in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean.
Singing — Glory! glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd his name;
So now they see him face to face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing — Glory! glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

488

(205 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright
as day.

O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?

O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land, beams ev'ry eye
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.

O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

489

(206 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win —
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?

"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"

"I, from India's sultry plain;"

SELECTED HYMNS.

"I, from Afric's burning sand ;"
"I, from islands of the main."

- 3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky !"
Each the welcome "Come," awaits,
"Conqueror over death and sin !"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in.

490

(207 Ch. & H.) IV. 3.

- I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above ;
- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I wish they could know there is room for them all
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 And oh, how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest!

Charitable Occasions.

491

(208 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- S**OW in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

492

(211 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- L**ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor :
Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 2 For Thou hast plac'd us side by side
In this wide world of ill,

SELECTED HYMNS.

And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make ;
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

493

(231 Anc. & M.) C. M.

" Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my
brethren, ye have done it unto me."

FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine ?

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to thee. Amen.

494

(232 Anc. & M.) S. M.

" Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear!
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success. Amen.

At Sea.

495

(212 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

LORD, go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length
Travelling, if thou will'st it so,
In the greatness of thy strength.

2 Through the day and through the dark,
Over land and over sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

496

(213 Ch. & H.) S. M.

O THOU who didst prepare
The ocean's sounding deep,
And bid the gath'ring waters there
In mighty concourse sweep:

2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Borne on the stormy wave,
In measured sweep we go,
Nor dread th' unfathomable grave
That ever yawns below.
- 4 Jesus is nigh who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God,
And died in calm away.
- 5 Though swells the threatening tide
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust his love.
- 6 Snatch'd from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls shall keep
And waft them safely home ;
- 7 Home where no tempests sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
Th' eternal, peaceful shore.

497

(214 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- G**OD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in his own glorious light ;
God hath robed him, and he reigneth ;
He hath girded him with might :
Hallelujah !
God is King in depth and height.
- 2 Lord ! the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have raised their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore :
Hallelujah !
From the ocean's sounding store.
 - 3 With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah !
Songs of ocean never sleep.

- 4 Lord ! the words thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity ;
Of thine high, eternal dwelling,
Holiness shall inmate be :
Hallelujah !
Pure is all that lives with thee.

498

(222 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

" These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

Funerals.

499

(215 Ch. & H.) L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

500

(221 Ch. & H.) S. M.

THE voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

- 2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke — and caught his Captain's eye,
 Then strong in faith and prayer,
- 4 His spirit with a bound,
 Left its encumbering clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 5 The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare clos'd at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

Holy Matrimony.

501

(213 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."

- H**OW welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 For he who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
 The water vessels knew;
 And plenteous was the mystic wine
 The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love,
 Come thou again to-day;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 Oh bless, as erst of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed
 Forth from thy piercéd side.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore ;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

Ember Days.

502

(215 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness.”

- L**ORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And thine ordained servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let all thy Church's pastors be.
- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :
- 3 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.
- 4 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

503

(216 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ Unto every one of us is given grace ; according to the measure of the gift of Christ.”

O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine,
And kindled by thy hidden fires,
The soul to highest aims aspires.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Thy Priests with wisdom, Lord, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O thou the source of life and light
- 3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.
- 4 Protect thy Church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of thy righteousness.
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Nativity of St. John Baptist.

504

(251 Anc. & M.) II. 4.

“Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand”

LO! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

- 2 Your God e'en now doth stand
At heaven's opening door,
His fan is in his hand,
And he will purge his floor;
The wheat he claims
And with him stows,
The chaff he throws
To quenchless flames.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
 Your sky-aspiring heads ;
 Ye valleys, hiding low,
 Lift up your gentle meads ;
 Make his way plain
 Your King before,
 For evermore
 He comes to reign.
- 4 May thy dread voice around,
 Thou harbinger of Light,
 On our dull ears still sound,
 Lest here we sleep in night,
 Till judgment come,
 And on our path
 Shall burst the wrath,
 And deathless doom.
- 5 O God, with love's sweet might,
 Who dost anoint and arm
 Thy soldiers for the fight,
 With grace that shields from harm,
 Thrice blessed Three,
 Heaven's endless days
 Shall sing thy praise
 Eternally. Amen.

Saint Michael and all Angels.

505

(253 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

'O praise the Lord all ye his hosts ; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.'

PRAISE to God who reigns above,
 Binding earth and heaven in love ;
 All the armies of the sky
 Worship his dread sovereignty.

- 2 Seraphim his praises sing,
 Cherubim on fourfold wing,
 Thrones, dominions, princes, powers,
 Ranks of might that never cowers.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Angel hosts his word fulfil,
Ruling nature by his will ;
Round his throne Archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state ;
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.
- 5 On the throne our Lord who died
Sits in Manhood glorified ;
Where his people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.
- 6 Oh the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign !
- 7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

506

(254 Anc. & M.) L. M.

‘Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them
who shall be heirs of salvation?’

- T**HEY come, God’s Messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.
- 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.
 - 3 But chiefly at its journey’s end
’T is yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
“O Christian soul, in peace depart.”

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Blest Jesu, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn thine Angels' aid ;
- 5 An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie ;
And by thine own Almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above, and all below,
Let joyful praise unceasing flow. Amen.

All Saints' Day.

507

(255 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

- WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand,
Each a golden crown is wearing, —
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.
- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?
- 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

SELECTED HYMNS.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven
 Sore with woe and anguish tried ;
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified ;
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as priests before him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting,
 Day and night at his command :
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest they stand before his face. Amen.

508

(256 Anc. & M.) P. M.

'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
 Of everlasting halls,
 Thrice blessed are the people
 Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
 Where saints forever sing ;
 The seat of God's own chosen,
 The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,
 Himself of all the crown ;
 The Lamb the light that shineth
 And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
 Their sweet peace to molest ;
 They sing their God forever,
 Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us ;
 Our longings thither tend ;
 May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
 For joys that cannot end.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 To Christ the sun that lightens
His church above, below ;
To Father and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Apostles.

509

(257 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.”

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing ;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

- 2 For they the churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.
- 3 Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.
- 4 In them the Father's glory shone,
In them the will of God the Son,
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.
- 5 To thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That thou wouldst join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

510

(258 Anc. & M.) IV. 1.

“ Their sound went into all the earth, and their words into the end of the world.”

DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine
The weak and the poor ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Intrusting thy riches
Which aye shall endure ;
- 2 Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree
Are broken and gone ;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.
- 3 Like clouds are they borne
To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go ;
The Word with his wisdom
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.
- 4 Their sound goeth forth,
" Christ Jesus the Lord : "
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall :
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.
- 5 Oh, loud be their tramp,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin !
The lights thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 All honour, and praise,
Dominion, and might,
To God Three in One
Eternally be,
Who round us hath shed
His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see. Amen.

Evangelists.

511

(260 Anc. & M.) C. M.

‘Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.’

- B**EHOLD the messengers of Christ,
Who sow in every place
The unveiled mysteries of God,
The gospel of his grace.
- 2 The things, thro’ mists and shadows dim,
By holy prophets seen,
In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.
- 3 What Christ, true Man, divinely wrought,
What God in manhood bore,
They wrote as God inspired in words
That live for evermore.
- 4 Although in space and time apart,
One Spirit ruled them all:
And in their sacred pages still
We hear that Spirit’s call.
- 5 To God, the Blessed Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and might,
Who called us from the shades of death
To his own glorious light. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

512

(261 *Anc. & M.*) P. M.

"And a River went out of Eden to water the garden : and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy gospels shrined ;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

- 2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear ;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters ;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

- 3 Oh ! that we thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may thy love adore ;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

Martyrs, etc.

513

(262 *Anc. & M.*) C. M.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light :
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 'Mid pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.
- 7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

514

(264 Anc. & M.) L. M.

' Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried
he shall receive the crown of life.'

- O GOD, thy soldiers' great reward,
Their Portion, Crown, and faithful Lord,
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing thy martyr's victory.
- 2 By wisdom taught he learned to know
The vanity of all below,
The fleeting joys of earth disdained,
And everlasting glory gained.
- 3 Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore ;
For thee he poured his life away,
With thee he lives in endless day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

4 We therefore pray thee, Lord of love,
 Regard us from thy throne above;
 On this thy martyr's triumph-day,
 Wash every stain of sin away.

5 All praise to God the Father be,
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
 Whom with the Spirit we adore
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

515

(265 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

FOR man the Saviour shed
 His all-atoning blood,
 And oh, shall ransomed man refuse
 To suffer for his God?

2 Ashamed who now can be
 To own the Crucified?

Nay, rather be our glory this,
 To die for him who died.

3 So felt thy martyr, Lord;
 By thy right hand sustained,
 He waged for thee the battle's strife,
 And threatened death disdained.

4 Upon the golden crown
 Gazing, with eager breath,
 He fought as one who fain would die,
 And, dying, conquer death.

5 Alone he stood unmoved
 Amid his cruel foes;
 Oh! wondrous was the might that then
 Above his torturers rose.

6 Lord, give us grace to bear
 Like him our cross of shame,
 To do and suffer what thou wilt,
 For love of thy dear Name.

SELECTED HYMNS.

7 Jesu, the King of saints,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

516

(267 Anc. & M.) L. M.

' Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.'

NOT by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in heaven has won ;
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel ?
Yet daily to the world he died ;
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3 What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore ?
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

4 Lord, grant us so to thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is c'er,
Rejoice with thee for evermore.

5 O Fount of sanctity and love !
O perfect Rest of saints above !
All praise, all glory be to thee,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

517

(270 Anc. & M.) S. M.

' I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.'

AN exile for the faith
Of his incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead ;
There Judah's Lion and the Lamb,
That for our ransom bled ;
- 3 There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime ;
How, sown in martyr's blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- 4 Lord, give us grace, like him,
In thee to live and die ;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.
- 5 Jesu, our risen Lord,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

518

(271 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.”

- S**ON of the Highest, deign to cast
On us a pitying eye,
Thou who repentant Magdalene
Didst call to joys on high.
- 2 The long-lost coin is stored at length
In treasure-house divine,
The precious gem from filth is cleansed,
And doth the stars outshine.
- 3 Jesu, the balm of every wound,
The sinner's only stay,
Grant us, like Magdalene, to weep
In this thy mercy's day.
- 4 Absolve us by thy gracious word,
Fulfil us with thy love,
And guide us through the storms of life
To perfect rest above.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 All praise, all glory be to thee,
One everlasting Lord,
Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,
Whose bounty doth reward. Amen.

519

(273 Anc. & M.) S. M.

“And they glorified God in me.”

FOR thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to die,
And found in thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesu, thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for thee.

5 All might, all praise be thine,
Father, coequal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Exhibition.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

520

(158 Anc. & M.) C. M.

ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart :
Oh ! to that heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;
Ye hear his words so blest ;
“ All ye that labour, come to me,
And I will give you rest.”
- 4 O Jesus ! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here ;
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

521

(165 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”

- T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st my disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
 - 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell
 - 4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave :
'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- 6 To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend :
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.
- Amen.

522

(222 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
And his heart with love runs o'er ;
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome ,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him — venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

523

(223 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows from him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
 - 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:

SELECTED HYMNS

All who taste it
Shall to joys immortal rise.

524

(224 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LO! Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

2 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

3 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

4 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Oh! come, there yet is room.

525

(225 Ch. & H.) L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before
Has waited long — is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely Visitor! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands:
O matchless kindness, for he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove my friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners — yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

526

(226 Ch. & H.) II. 6.

COME unto Christ, ye weary,
And he will give you rest ;
Like the belov'd disciple,
Come, lean upon his breast ;
There, free from every sorrow,
Come, and forget your care ;
For sin shall ne'er o'ercome you,
Nor grief oppress you there.

- 2 Hear what the Lord hath spoken,
Your great, unchanging Friend,
Whose word can ne'er be broken,
Whose love shall never end ;
Whoe'er my word receiving,
Comes, without fear or doubt,
Repenting and believing,
" I will not cast him out ! "

- 3 Say not, ye are too evil
So great a boon to crave ;
'T was sinners, not the righteous,
He stooped from heaven to save ;
Then come, ye heavy laden !
From all your sorrows cease ;
Come, rest upon his promise,
Believe, and be at peace.

527

(229 Ch. & H.) P. M.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
To sing the Saviour's dying love ;
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road :
Will you go ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 We haste to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous strain to praise his Name;
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share :
Will you go ?
- 3 We go to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre ;
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring :
Will you go ?
- 4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In the blest house there still is room ;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He will thy troubled soul relieve :
Will you go ?

Prayer.

528

(232 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall all vain loves expel,
That fear all fear beside.
- 3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not to our wish, but to our want,
Do thou thy gifts supply ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

529

(233 Ch. & H.) L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

530

(234 Ch. & H.) P. M.

MY spirit longeth for thee
To dwell within my breast,
Though I am all unworthy
Of so divine a guest!

- 2 Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be;
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!
- 3 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.
- 4 No rest is to be found
But in thy bleeding love:

SELECTED HYMNS.

Oh ! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above !

531

(236 Ch. & H.) C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near :
We perish if we cease from prayer,
Oh ! grant us power to pray ;
And, when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
God of all grace, we bring to thee
The broken, contrite heart :
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.

3 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live ;
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay :
Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

532

(237 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

533

(238 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

Wrestling Jacob. — Genesis xxxii: 24-32.

PART I.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there ;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy Name and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold !
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name !
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now, resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name and nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART II.

- 1 Yield to me now, for I am weak ;
But confident in self-despair :
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.
- 2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me :
I hear thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art :

SELECTED HYMNS.

- To me, to all, thy mercies move,
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove :
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.
- 4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.
- 5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings ;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy Name is love.
- 6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.
- 7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way ;
And as a bounding hart fly home ;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

534

(187 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“ Lord, help me.”

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesu, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be. Amen.

535

(189 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Lord, save us."

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, Holy Jesus !
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

Repentance.

536

(239 Ch. & H.) L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live,
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save the trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

537

(242 Ch. & H.) C. M.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares so oft betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to see thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

538

(243 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

DOES the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be ?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee :
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best ;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without ;
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply ;
Sure upon the earth there 's none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the roving dove
Found a welcome resting-place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast ;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast !

SELECTED HYMNS.

539

(244 Ch. & H.) C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet

A guilty rebel lies ;

And upward to the mercy-seat,

Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice

To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from out my weeping eyes

In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead

To expiate my guilt ;

No tears, but those which thou hast shed,

No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !

And all my sins forgive ;

Justice will well approve the word

That bids the sinner live.

540

(245 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY God, when at thy throne I bend,

And humbly sue for mercy there,

For me behold the sinner's Friend,

And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 Remember not my shame and guilt,

My thousand stains of deepest dye ;

Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,

And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Remember not my doubts and fears,

My strivings with thy grace divine ;

Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,

And let his merits stand for mine.

4 No claim, no worth, O Lord, I plead :

Thy free unbounded grace I crave ;

And oh ! if great my guilt and need,

The greater, Lord, thy grace to save.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Faith.

541

(248 Ch. & H.) P. M.

A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,
On which our souls are planted :
And though the fierce foe rage abroad,
Our hearts are nothing daunted.

What though he beset,
With weapon and net,
Array'd in death-strife ?
In God are help and life :
He is our sword and armour.

2 By our own might we nought can do ;
To trust it were sure losing ;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask for his name ?
Christ Jesus we claim ;
The Lord God of hosts ;
The only God : — vain boasts
Of others fall before him.

3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces ?
E'en then our fears should all be still'd :
In God are our resources.

The world and its king
No terrors can bring :
Their threats are no worth :
Their doom is now gone forth :
A single word can quell them.

4 God's word through all shall have free sway,
And ask no man's permission :
The Spirit and his gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.

The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Yet lasts it but an hour !
The kingdom 's ours forever !

542

(249 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge his saints to hell ?
'T is Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And their infernal foes to quell,
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there,
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,
Nor death nor hell can us destroy.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or separate us from his love.

543

(251 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes ; and I will and must esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

544

(252 Ch. & H.) L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long has been,
In that I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove with sin, the more
I felt the guilty weight I bore,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul ; I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb !
Shalt take me, for thine own I am !
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love can me receive.

545

(253 Ch. & H.) H. 3.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine .
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The balm to heal my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
My joy, when coming griefs appal ;
My life in death, my all in all.

546

(255 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

- O** THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my God hath done,
And suffered ev'n for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood ;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
" Thy Maker is thy Friend."

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away ;
Unloosed from earth, and earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

547

(261 Ch. & H.) P. M.

- J**ESUS, my Saviour, look on me !
For I am weary and opprest ;
I come to cast myself on thee ;
Thou art my rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
Oh ! shed thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies ;
Thou art my rock.
- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee — my terrors cease ;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
Thou art my life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

SELECTED HYMNS.

548

(166 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God !

O thou for sinners slain,

Let it not be in vain

That thou hast died ;

Thee for my Saviour let me take,

My only refuge let me make

Thy pierced side,

2 Behold the Lamb of God !

Into the sacred flood

Of thy most precious blood

My soul I cast :

Wash me and make me clean within,

And keep me pure from every sin,

Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God !

All hail, incarnate Word,

Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest ;

Fill us with love that never faints,

Grant us with all thy blessed saints

Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God !

Worthy is he alone,

That sitteth on the throne

Of God above :

One with the Ancient of all days,

One with the Comforter in praise,

All light and love. Amen.

549

(177 Anc. & M.) III. 1.

"Thou art a place to hide me in."

JESU, grant me this, I pray,

Ever in thy heart to stay ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.

2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

4 Death will come one day to me ;
Jesu, cast me not from thee.
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side. **Amen.**

550

(186 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

“ Casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you.”

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props and simply fall
On thine Almighty arms !

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 We cannot trust him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease ;
 Leave all things to a Father's will
 And taste, before him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

Wopt.

551

(263 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

- O COME, my partners in distress,
 My comrades in the wilderness,
 Who bear your burdens still ;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saints' secure abode ;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down :
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

552

(264 Ch. & H.) S. M.

THY way is in the sea ;
 Thy paths we cannot trace ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above !
- 4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight :
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.
- 5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
And see thee face to face.

553

(266 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- W**HAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

554

(267 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- GOD ! my supporter and my hope,
 My help forever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord ! shall guide my feet
 Through all this desert place ;
 Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'T would be no joy to me ;
 And while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Yea, to draw near to thee, my God !
 Shall be my sweet employ :
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

555

(268 Ch. & H.) P. M.

SOON and forever !
 Such promise our trust,
 Though ashes to ashes,
 And dust unto dust.

Soon and forever
 Our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer, in thee.

When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o'er ;
 Its pangs and its partings
 Remember'd no more ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and forever.

- 2 Soon and forever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon and forever,
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been;
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.
Where tears and where fears,
And where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and forever.

556

(269 Ch. & H.) II. 1.

OH, glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for a moment feast
With Christ, his priests, and kings.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow :
3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

557

(270 Ch. & H.) C. M.

MY Saviour, on the word of truth,
In earnest hope I live !

I ask for all the precious things

Thy boundless love can give,

I look for many a lesser light

About my path to shine ;

But chiefly long to walk with thee,

And only trust in thine.

2 Thou knowest that I am not blest

As thou wouldst have me be,

Till all the peace and joy of faith

Possess my soul in thee ;

And still I seek 'mid many fears,

With yearnings unexpress'd,

The comfort of thy strengthening love,

Thy soothing, settling rest.

3 It is not as thou wilt with me

Till, humbled in the dust,

I know no place in all my heart

Wherein to put my trust.

Until I find, O Lord ! in thee,

The lowly and the meek,

That fulness which thy own redeem'd

Go nowhere else to seek.

4 Then, O my Saviour ! on my soul,

Cast down but not dismay'd,

Still be thy chastening, healing hand

In tender mercy laid :

And while I wait for all thy joys

My yearning heart to fill,

Teach me to walk and work with thee,

And at thy feet sit still.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Lobe.

558

(275 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour — hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? ”

2 “ I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 “ Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner ! lov'st thou me ? ”

6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
Oh ! for grace to love thee more.

559

(276 Ch. & H.) II. 3.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light ;
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till rest it find in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive ;
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.
- 4 O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

560

(277 Ch. & H.) C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each hateful idol out
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Do not I love thee, from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will
And make thy glory known ?
- 6 Thou knowest, yea, thou knowest, Lord ;
Yet, oh ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joy,
And learn to love thee more.

561

(278 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

- LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Live in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all thy peace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine host above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy boundless love.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly restored in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven our songs we raise ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

562

(280 Ch. & H.) L. M.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And look the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh ! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity !

563

(283 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on thy holy shrine.

- 2 Love, I know, accepteth nought,
Save what thou, O love, hast wrought ;
Offer thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Slay in me the wayward will ;
Earthly sense and passion kill ;
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Let me choose the better part.
- 4 Mighty Love, the flame inspire,
Quick consume me in thy fire ;
Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but thee within me left.

564

(143 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”

- O** LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how **high**
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
 - 3 Nor willed he only to appear ;
His pleasure was to tarry here :
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.
 - 4 For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptation sharp he knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.
 - 5 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.
 - 6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up his breath.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 7 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 8 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

565

(147 Anc. & M.) C. M.

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

- JESU, thy mercies are untold
Through each returning day;
Thy love excels a thousand-fold
Whatever we can say:
- 2 That love which in thy Passion drained
For us thy precious blood:
That love whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.
- 3 'T is thou hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.
- 4 Lord, grant us while on earth we stay
Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence we pass away
To us thy glory show. Amen.

566

(148 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"The communion of the Holy Ghost."

O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 As thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

567

(157 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

- JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

PART II.

- 1 O Jesu, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesu, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire ;
- 4 Jesu, may all confess thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore ;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.
- 5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

PART III.

- 1 O Jesu, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above ;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.
- 2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
Who eat thee, hunger still ;
Who drink of thee still feel a void,
Which nought but thou can fill.
- 3 O most sweet Jesu, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send ;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.
- 4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart ;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Jesu, our love and joy, to thee,
The virgin's holy Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run. Amen.

568

(159 Anc. & M.) . M.

"I go to prepare a place for you"

- O CHRIST, who dost prepare a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.
- 2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!
- 3 With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
- 4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.
- 5 O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

569

(171 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"God is love."

- O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as man was born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be. Amen.

570

(178 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none upon earth
that I desire in comparison of thee.'

JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of thy grace ;
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 Jesu, too late I thee have sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.
- 3 Jesu, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore.
O make me love thee more and more.
- 4 Jesu, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

Amen

571

(188 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is: brethren, to dwell together in unity."

O LORD, how joyful 't is to see
The brethren join in love to thee;
On thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

- 2 How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer,
- 3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.
- 4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to thee,

SELECTED HYMNS.

With hearts to thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

- 5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

572

(195 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"The everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."

TO Christ, the Prince of peace
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

- 2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore.
That love which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

- 3 O Jesu, victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine ?

- 4 O fount of endless life,
O spring of water clear ;
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near !

- 5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly ;
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality. Amen.

573

(199 Anc. & M.) II. 1.

"Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away
from her."

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 Forever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Praise.

574

(136 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

ALL people that on earth do dwell.
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

575

(156 Anc. & M.) IV. 1.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, thou art become
exceeding glorious; thou art clothed with majesty and honour."

O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

- 2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

- 3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,

SELECTED HYMNS.

In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

4 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love :
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise. Amen.

576

(174 Anc. & M.) III. 3.

“O praise the Lord of heaven ; praise him in the height.”

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light :
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken :
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his Name ! Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

577

(198 Anc. & M.) III. 5.

'Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise his Holy Name.'

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring,
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore him!
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Amen.

578

(67 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"And again they said, Alleluia."

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;

SELECTED HYMNS.

In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free ;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee :
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below ;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego ;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, Blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky :
There to thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

579

(285 Ch. & H.) C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the glorious Name
Of him that sitteth on the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

580

(287 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till glory wake a loftier song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.
 - 3 Let distant times and nations raise
The blest succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages still prolong
The joy and burden of the song.
 - 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

581

(288 Ch. & H.) III. 5.

- A** LLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love!
This ye utter
While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Alleluia! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!

SELECTED HYMNS.

Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia ! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn :
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn :
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see !
Alleluia !
Ours at length this strain shall be !

582

(291 Ch. & H.) P. M.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend ; *
Come, and thy people bless ;
Come, give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

- 4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
Thy sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Kop.

583

(294° Ch. & H.) S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his word

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

584

(295 Ch. & H.) S. M.

A WAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Who liveth evermore ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children, come ! "
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

585

(297 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- H**OW rich thy favours God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus the herald of his love
Displays the radiant prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our adoring eyes.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

Peace.

586

(299 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O** THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.
- 2 My heart reposing on thy love,
All scenes alike engaging prove ;
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
At home, abroad, on land or sea.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since thou art there.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding thee in all.

587

(300 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

- A**LL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While his hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to him unknown ;
He to-day, and he to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own.
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen ;
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

588

(302 Ch. & H.) III. 4.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free.
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.

589

(303 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

- WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resign'd to thee ?
 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise ?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below ?
 Only guided by thy light ?
 Only mighty in thy might ?
- 3 Fully let my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

Trials.

590

(307 Ch. & H.) P. M.

- WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resign'd beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power ;
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 O to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
 Though sighs and tears its language be ;
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 O blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes ;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks ;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and earth obeys.

591

(308 Ch. & H.) P. M.

ALMIGHTY God ! I call to thee,
By sore temptation shaken ;
Incline thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken ;
For who that feels the power within
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord before thee ?

- 2 On thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting,
Relying on thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting ;
I rest upon thy sacred word,
That thou 'lt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy fleeth.
- 3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow ;
Forgetting not that thou of old,
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold ;
When weakest then most loving !
- 4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater ;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator ;
And he my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I 'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer.

SELECTED HYMNS.

592

(310 Ch. & H.) C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat :
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

593

(311 Ch. & H.) C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave !
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

- 2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world, —
Our health, our life, our God.

594

(313 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

595

(314 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty Lord of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore ;
 By thy suffering, O be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain ;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.

- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In the days of flesh below ;
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe ;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised beneath the hand of God.
- 3 By thy dread, unknown temptation,
 In that dark, Satanic hour ;
 By thy last, mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the tempter's power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me !
 By thy precious death assuring,
 My poor dying soul befriend,
 And with patience, all enduring,
 Make me faithful to the end.

596

(315 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my win'try sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill :
Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

597

(316 Ch. & H.) L. M.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love ;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above :

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With trustful love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill :
Though bitter to the taste it be,
It hath the power to heal me still.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
That I each murm'ring thought may shun ;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Speak to my warring passions, Peace;
Say to my trembling heart, Be still;
Thy power can bid the conflict cease,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or how
Can he be hurt whom God will save?

598

(317 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THOU art my hiding place, O Lord!
In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

- 2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 't is enough — the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.
- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
- 4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.
- 5 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;
- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
“My Saviour died for me.”

SELECTED HYMNS.

599

(318 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- N**OW to the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly;
 Be thou my refuge and my rest,
 For oh! the storm is high.
- 2 Protect me from the furious blast,
 My shield and shelter be;
 Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring
 Is to a barren place,
 Jesus, descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
 A rock its shade doth spread,
 So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- 5 In all the times of my distress,
 Thou hast my succour been;
 And, in my utter helplessness,
 Restraining me from sin.
- 6 How swift to save me didst thou move,
 In every trying hour;
 Oh! still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

600

(320 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain,
 'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will;
 'T is not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

601

(321 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- OH, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 2 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 3 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

602

(324 Ch. & H.) S. M.

- THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss.
And find my all in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one ;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

603

(140 Anc. & M.) C. M.

" Lord, remember me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 If on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart :
Good Lord, remember me.

3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Good Lord, remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Jesu, receive my parting breath :
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

604

(144 Anc. & M.) S. M.

'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to
be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'

O H, what if we are Christ's
Is earthly shame or loss ?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here :
- 5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.
- 6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

605

(170 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Thy will be done." *

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield thee what is thine ;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

606

(190 Anc. & M.) P. M.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7 Jesu, holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with thy favour,
Fill us with thy love. Amen.

607

(233 Anc. & M.) L.M.

“Thou that hearest the prayer; unto thee shall all flesh come.”

WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought;

- 2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee
For rescue from our misery:
- 3 To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee,
Through him whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.
- 5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not, for our sins, thy face,
Absolve us through thy boundless grace,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord. Amen.

608

(234 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble."

GOD of our life, to thee we call,
Afflicted at thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever sinner plead with thee,
And thou reject his lowly plea?
Does not thy word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us thy pitying eye:
To thee their prayer thy people make,
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Christian Life.

609

(141 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King ;
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart ;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.
- 5 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

610

(146 *Anc. & M.*) III. 1.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

- C**ONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make ;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands he hath freed.
- 2 Yes ; none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death, but victory,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 Jesu, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's friend,
Hear us as to thee we pray,
Glorying in thy Name to-day.
- 6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, holy Son, to thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the saints and angel-host. Amen.

611

(169 *Anc. & M.*) C. M.

“Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.”

- L**ET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
 - 3 One army of the Living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
 - 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.
 - 5 Jesu, be thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen

612

(175 *Anc. & M.*) III. 1.

“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.”

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 4 Onward then to glory move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise :
Holy Jesus, praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

613

(176 Anc. & M.) S. M.

‘My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee ; in a barren and dry land where no water is.’

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

4 God of my life, be near,
On thee my hopes I cast,

SELECTED HYMNS.

O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

614

(183 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven. Amen.

615

(184 Anc. & M.) S. M.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall
find watching."

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his Name.
- 3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid his angel-band.
- 6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

616

(326 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue :
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 Men may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal gates before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

617

(329 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at thy command!
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at thy hand!
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before thy gate,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight ;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve thee, gracious Lord !
Thus ever thine alone ;
My soul and body given to thee,
The purchase thou hast won :
Through evil and through good report
Still waiting at thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified !

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly !
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company !
And ever where the Master is,
There shall his servants be.

618

(330 Ch. & H.) L. M.

THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood ;
Safe on these hills, my soul would roam,
Till my beloved leads me home.

619

(333 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

- N**AY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
 - 3 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.
 - 4 Many years have pass'd since then ;
Many changes have I seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
 - 5 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last !
 - 6 No ! I must maintain my hold ;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

SELECTED HYMNS.

620

(334 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 With faith's enraptured eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

621

(336 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O** LORD thy counsels and thy care
 My safety and my comfort are:
 And thou shalt guide me through my race,
 Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 2 On whom but thee, in heaven above,
 Can I repose my trust, or love?
 And shall an earthly object be
 Loved in comparison with thee?

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 3 My flesh is hast'ning to decay ;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail ?
- 4 But O ! my Saviour, be thou nigh,
And I will triumph when I die ;
My strength, my portion, is divine ;
And Jesus is for ever mine !

Devotion.

Morning.

622

(2 Anc. & M.) L. M.

“ His compassions fail not : they are new every morning.”

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

623

(3 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

- O** JESU, Lord of light and grace,
 Thou brightness of the Father's face,
 Thou fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night.
- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Come in thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 So we the Father's help will claim,
 And sing the Father's glorious Name,
 And his Almighty grace implore
 That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May he our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control :
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day ;
 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
 Our souls the twilight never know.
- 7 All praise to God the Father be ;
 All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
 Whom with the Spirit we adore
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

624

(5 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

"Unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,

SELECTED HYMNS.

Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

The Third Hour.

625

(7 Anc. & M.) L. M.

'It is but the third hour of the day.'

COME, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With thy full flood of holiness.

- 2 In word and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, thy praise be sung;
May love enwrap our mortal frame,
And others catch the living flame.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

The Sixth Hour.

626

(8 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"At noonday will I pray."

- O** GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Brightening the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noon-day's fiery beams ;
- 2 Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
From passion's heat preserve our life,
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And give our souls true peace in thee.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

The Ninth Hour.

627

(9 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"The hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."

- O** GOD, of all the strength and power,
Who dost unmoved each passing hour
Through all its changes guide the day,
From early morn to evening's ray ;
- 2 Brighten life's eventide with light
That ne'er shall set in gloom of night ;
Till we a holy death attain
And everlasting glory gain.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Sunday Morning.

628

(348 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,

SELECTED HYMNS.

- How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !
- 3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

Evening.

629

(12 Anc. & M.) C. M.

"O look thou upon me and be merciful unto me."

- A**S now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend ;
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.
- 2 Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched
To draw thy people nigh ;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

630

(13 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 O let no evil dreams be near,
Nor phantoms of the night appear;
Our ghostly enemy restrain,
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.
- 3 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

631

(15 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.”

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
- 5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 7 One Sacred Trinity !
One Lord divine !
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine. Amen.

632

(16 Anc. & M.) III. 4.

“ I will lay lay me down in peace and take my rest.”

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesu, thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last. Amen

633

(17 Anc. & M.) II. 3.

“ The Lord is my light.”

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call ;
O let thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

634

(18 Anc. & M.) P. M.

" He shall give his angels charge over thee."

- G**OD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,

SELECTED HYMNS.

May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high. Amen.

635

(19 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God
be honour and glory for ever and ever."

O TRINITY, most Blessed Light,
O Unity of Princely Might,
As now the fiery sun departs
Shed thou thy beams within our hearts.

- 2 To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise ;
Thee may our heart and voice adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

636

(83 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"I am the light of the world."

O CHRIST, who art the Light and Day,
Thy beams chase night's dark shades away
The very Light of Light thou art,
Who dost that blessed Light impart.

- 2 All-Holy Lord to thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend,
And grant us calm repose in thee,
A quiet night from perils free.
- 3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor secret foe the heart possess,
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
And make us in thy sight impure.
- 4 Light slumber let our eyelids take,
The heart to thee be still awake ;
And thy right hand protection be
To those who love and trust in thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 O Lord, our strong defence, be nigh;
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,
Whom thou hast purchased with thy blood.
- 6 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
Whilst burdened in the flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.
- 7 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to thee,
That thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

637

(149 Anc. & M.) C. M.

'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.'

- M**Y God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
 - 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
 - 4 O how I fear thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
 - 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on thee ! Amen.

638

(343 Ch. & H.) L. M.

- O**H ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought
 - 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 - 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
 - 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
 - 6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

639

(344 Ch. & H.) L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

- 2 He lives — the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit nor slumber, nor surprise.

640

(345 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

SOURCE of light and life divine,
Who dost make the light to shine;
Who didst deck creation's birth,
Light from darkness calling forth:

- 2 Shade of eve and morning ray,
Who didst join and name them day;
Darksome night again draws nigh,
Listen to our suppliant cry.
- 3 Let us not, by sin deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest;
Let no thoughts impure and vain,
Down to earth our spirits chain.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our dearest treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Help us win the prize of life.

SELECTED HYMNS.

641

(351 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

642

(352 Ch. & H.) L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

643

(353 Ch. & H.) S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

644

(355 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

Parting.

- F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship thee again.

SELECTED HYMNS.

645

(356 Ch. & H.) C. M.

SAVIOUR! in mercy hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send ;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
Our life, our hope, our end !

- 2 Abide with us, and with thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
 Bring in thy day of bliss.

646

(358 Ch. & H.) III. 2.

Saturday Evening.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
 On th' approaching holy day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand ;
Guarded by almighty pow'r,
 Fed, and guided by his hand :
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show thy reconciled face,
 Drive away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear :

SELECTED HYMNS.

There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

- 5 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints ;
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the church above.

For Children.

647

(362 Ch. & H.) P. M.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide ;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 Oh ! make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

648

(365 Ch. & H.) C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night :
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 't is writ,
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

649

(366 Ch. & H.) III. 3.

- J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us ;
Bless thy little lambs to-night :
Through the darkness be thou near us ;
Keep us safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led us,
And we thank thee for thy care ;
Kindly thou hast clothed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer !
 - 3 May our sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends we love so well ;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

650

(367 Ch. & H.) C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,

U

SELECTED HYMNS.

God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 Oh, let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

651

(368 Ch. & H.) P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus,
For never do I find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
O, gentle Saviour, send thy grace
And make me like to thee.

Death.

652

(392 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

HARK! a voice divides the sky,
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die!
 They from all their toils are freed;
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
 Where their Head is gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.

653

(396 Ch. & H.) L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

654

(398 Ch. & H.) III. 1.

THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
 Deepening through the vale of death,
 Yet I will not be afraid,
 But, with my departing breath,
 I will glory in my God,
 In my Saviour I will trust,
 Strengthen'd by his staff and rod,
 While this body falls to dust.

- 2 Soon on wings, on wings of love,
 My transported soul shall rise,
 Like the home-returning dove,
 Vanishing through boundless skies;
 Then, where death shall be no more,
 Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
 All my days of mourning o'er,
 In his presence I shall rest.

655

(401 Ch. & H.) C. M.

THERE is a good and pleasant land,
 On this side Jordan's stream;
 Where happy saints delighted stand,
 And bask in glory's beam.

- 2 Lord, let me know, before I die,
 The wonders of thy hand;
 And let me see, with mortal eye,
 That good and pleasant land.
- 3 And when thy sovereign voice shall say,
 "The world is not thy rest;
 Arise, depart, and come away,
 To realms completely blest;"
- 4 Then shall my terrors all have ceased,
 Thy footprints I shall see,
 My Lord, my God, my great High-Priest,
 And I will pass to thee!

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 5 If I have found upon the way
 A good and pleasant land ;
 What shall I find, when I survey
 The joys at thy right hand ?

656

(405 Ch. & H.) IV. 2.

- TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose Name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee,
 Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
 And no longer pierce with my sins
 The bosom on which I recline.
- 5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
 I shall see him whom absent I loved,
 Whom, not having seen, I adored.

Heaven.

657

(412 Ch. & H.) C. M.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !

SELECTED HYMNS.

- In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee.
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun ;
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl :
O God ! if I were there !
- 5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity ?
- 6 Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 7 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 8 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit ;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.
- 9 O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

658

(414 Ch. & H.) P. M.

JERUSALEM ! high tow'r thy glorious walls !
Would God I were in thee !
Desire of thee my longing heart enthrals,
Desire at home to be :

SELECTED HYMNS.

Wide from the world outleaping,
O'er hill and vale and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
Thy portals to attain.

2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome hour !
When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free pow'r
May use in going home ?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Father-land.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky
And reach the heav'nly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward trav'ller there ;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour ! thee I greet !
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet ;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long weary way ;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,
Array'd in beauteous guise,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wond'ring eyes ?
The host of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

SELECTED HYMNS.

- 6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band
 That once has borne the cross,
 With all the company that won that land,
 By counting gain for loss,
 Now float in freedom's lightness,
 From tyrants' chains set free ;
 And shine like suns in brightness,
 Array'd to welcome me.
- 7 One more at last arriv'd they welcome there,
 To beauteous Paradise ;
 Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear
 Or tongue for praise suffice ;
 Glad hallelujahs ringing
 With rapturous rebound,
 And rich hosannas singing
 Eternity's long round.
- 8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
 There shout the jubilee,
 With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
 In blissful ecstasy :
 A hundred thousand voices
 Take up the wondrous song ;
 Eternity rejoices
 God's praises to prolong.

659

(417 Ch. & H.) P. M.

ETERNITY ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity ?
 And yet to thee time hastes away ;
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go,
 Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

- 2 Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity ?
 Even as on perfect sphere,
 Nor end nor outset can appear,

SELECTED HYMNS.

E'en so, Eternity, in thee,
Entrance nor exit can there be.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

- 3 Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet leave thee then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

- 4 Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
How terrible art thou in woe,
How blest where joys forever flow !
God's mercy shedding gladness bright,
His judgment, bitterness, and night.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

660

(23 Anc. & M.) L. M.

"There shall be no night there."

GREAT God, who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproachéd light,
Before whose presence angels bow
With faces veiled, in homage low ;

- 2 Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain ;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.
- 3 For thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
A day of gladness and reward ;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.
- 4 Too long, alas ! it still delays ;
It lingers yet, that day of days ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.

- 5 Then from its fleshly bonds set free
The soul shall fly, O God, to thee ;
To see thee, love thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.
- 6 Great Trinity, our hearts prepare,
The fulness of thy joy to share ;
Life's transient light may we improve,
And gain eternal light above. Amen.

661

(155 Anc. & M.) C. M.

'And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal,
proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

A LIVING stream, as crystal clear,
Welling from out the throne
Of God and of the Lamb on high,
The Lord to man hath shown.

- 2 This stream doth water paradise,
It makes the angels sing :
One precious drop within the heart
Is of all joy the spring :
- 3 Joy past all speech, of glory full,
But stored where none may know,
As manna hid in dewy heaven,
As pearls in ocean low.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor to man's heart hath come
What for those loving thee in truth
Thou hast in love's own home.
- 5 But by his Spirit he to us
The secret doth reveal ;
Faith sees and hears : but oh for wings
To touch, and taste, and feel :
- 6 Wings like a dove, to waft us on
High o'er the flood of sin !

SELECTED HYMNS.

Lord of the Ark, put forth thine hand
And take thy wanderers in.

- 7 Oh praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, through whom alone
Our hearts are raised to heaven. Amen.

662

(167 Anc. & M.) C. M.

⁴ The things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are
not seen are eternal."

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

663

(180 Anc. & M.) C. M.

“When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?”

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

5 O Christ, do thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see thee and adore,
With all thy saints above. Amen.

664

(182 Anc. & M.) P. M.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;

SELECTED HYMNS.

Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

665

(243 Anc. & M.) P. M.

‘ I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.’

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move ;

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;

SELECTED HYMNS.

- All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.
- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore ;
And by virtue of his merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. — The metre marks, affixed to the Psalms and Hymns, refer to a division of the Metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four Classes, marked — I., II., III., IV.

Class I. includes Common, Long, and Short metres, marked C. M., L. M., S. M.

Class II. includes the other Iambic metres, eight in number, marked II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c., which may be named *Two, one; Two, two; Two, three, &c.*

Class III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c., which may be named *Three, one; Three, two, &c.*

Class IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c., and may be named *Four, one; Four, two, &c.*

CLASS I.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,

GLORIA PATRI.

And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore ;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,

GLORIA PATRI.

By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confess'd,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit bless'd,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven
Be everlasting glory given,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun :
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One !
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be !

III. 2.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

GLORIA PATRI.

III. 3.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One :
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd ;
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

GLORIA PATRI.

IV. 3.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from
heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

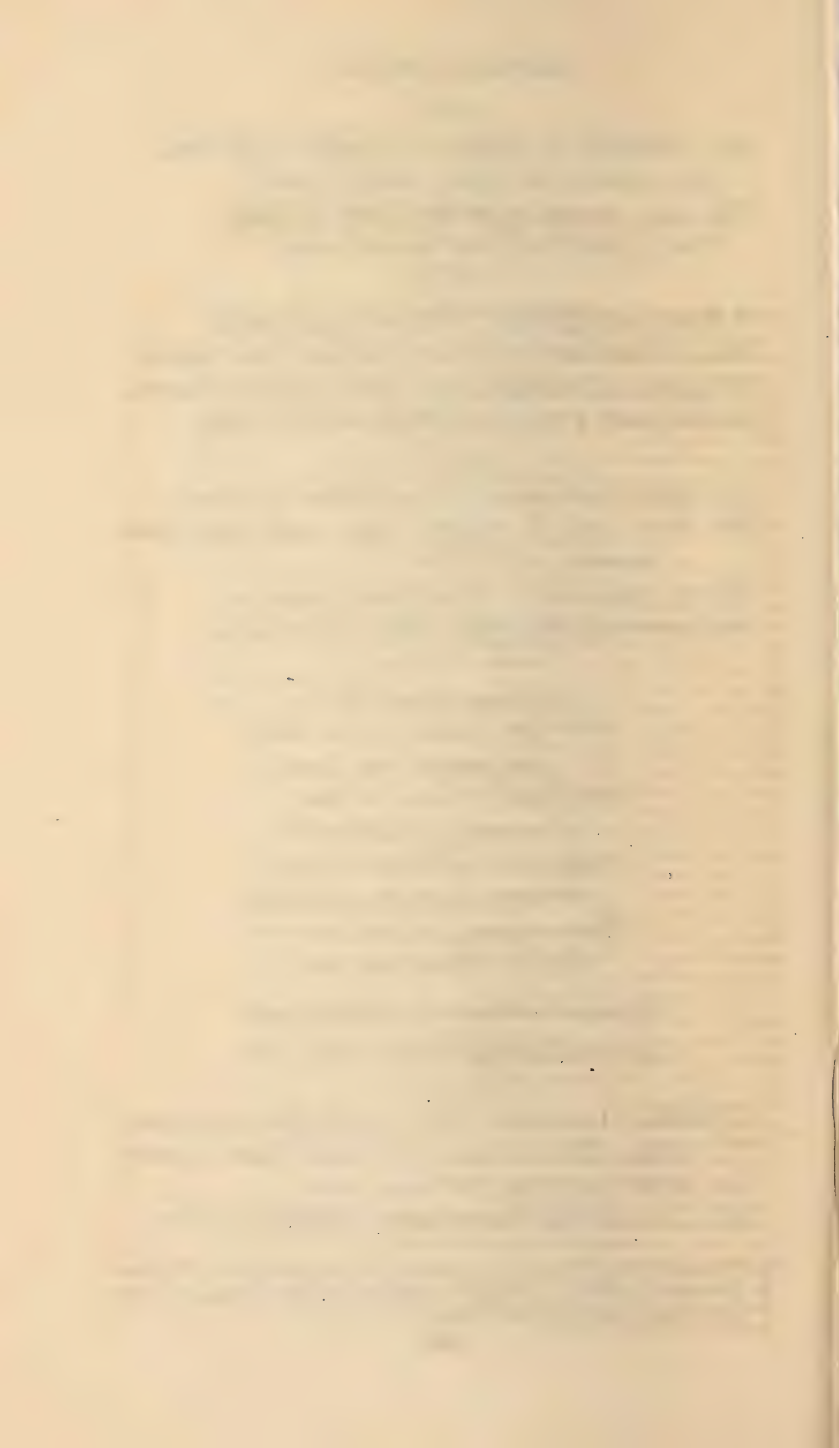
For Hymns 145 and 185.

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

*When used to Hymn 185, in line 6, read,
As was throughout the ages past,*

COME, let us adore Him ; come, bow at his feet ;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

† *Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of Divine Service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.*



A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.



	HYMN
ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide	264
A charge to keep I have	179
Affliction is a stormy deep	593
Again the Lord of life and light	299
Again the Lord's own day is here	313
Ah, how shall fallen man	13
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	228
Alas, what hourly dangers rise	58
A living stream, as crystal clear	661
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	408
Alleluia! best and sweetest	581
Alleluia, song of sweetness	578
All glorious God, what hymns of praise	15
All glory, laud, and honour	370
All hail, adored Trinity	436
All hail the power of Jesus' name	258
All people that on earth do dwell	574
All unseen the Master walketh	587
All ye who seek for sure relief	520
Almighty Father, bless the word	39
Almighty God! I call to thee	591
Almighty God, thy piercing eye	648
Almighty Lord, before thy throne	80
Although the vine its fruit deny	208
Am I a soldier of the cross	620
A mountain fastness is our God	541
And are we now brought near to God	95
And will the Judge descend	193
And wilt thou, O eternal God	101
An exile for the faith	517
Angels, from the realms of glory	330
Angels lament; behold, your God	382
Angels, roll the rock away!	396
Angels, where'er we go, attend	283
Another six days' work is done	33
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	133
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise	165
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	475
Around the throne of God in heaven	487
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	269
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	499
As now the sun's declining rays	629
As o'er the past my memory strays	51
As, panting in the sultry beam	159
As the sweet flower that scents the morn	127
As, when the weary traveller gains	186
As with gladness men of old	348
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	407
Author of good, to thee we turn	528
Awake and sing the song	584

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	164
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	180
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	257
Awake, ye saints, awake	30
Before Jehovah's awful throne	154
Before the ending of the day	630
Before the Lord we bow	242
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	5
Behold a stranger at the door	525
Behold the glories of the Lamb	422
Behold the Lamb	386
Behold the Lamb of God	548
Behold the messengers of Christ	511
Behold the Saviour of mankind	63
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth	153
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	157
Bless'd be thou, the God of Israel	203
Blessed city, heavenly Salem	665
Blessed Jesus, here we stand	456
Blest are the pure in heart	609
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright	305
Blest is the man whose softening heart	115
Blest is the tie that binds	27
Blest Trinity, from mortal sight	437
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	213
Bound upon th' accursed tree	392
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed	466
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	245
Brief life is here our portion	275
Bright and joyful is the morn	334
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	225
By cool Siloam's shady rill	246
Children of God lack nothing	284
Children of the heavenly King	146
Christ from the dead is raised, and made	7
Christ is made the sure foundation	473
Christ the Lord is risen again	406
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	69
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	404
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	624
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	339
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	435
Come, hither! ye faithful	331
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest	460
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator come	74
Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One	625
Come, Holy Spirit, come	428
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	75
Come, let our souls adore the Lord	444
Come, let our voices join	110
Come, let us anew	342
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	579
Come, let us join our friends above	216
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart	198
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	248
Come, O thou Traveller unknown	533
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	512

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Come see the place where Jesus lay	409
Come, thou almighty King	582
Come, thou Holy Spirit, come	431
Come unto Christ, ye weary	526
Come, ye saints, draw nigh and wonder	398
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	522
Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted	523
Come, ye thankful people, come	451
Come, ye that love the Lord	149
Conquering kings their titles take	610
Creator of the world, to thee	354
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	236
Daughter of Zion, from the dust	476
Day of wrath! that day of mourning	273
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	592
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	537
Deluded souls, that dream of heaven	142
Depth of mercy! can there be	249
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	312
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd	108
Disposer Supreme	510
Does the gospel word proclaim	538
Do not I love thee, O my Lord	560
Dread Jehovah, God of nations	81
Earth hath many a noble city	345
Eternal beam of light divine	597
Eternal Father, strong to save	498
Eternal source of every joy	8
Eternity! Eternity	659
Faith is the Christian's evidence	140
Far from my heavenly home	613
Far from my thoughts, vain world begone	36
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	266
Father in whom we live	441
Father of all, whose love profound	78
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	100
Father of mercies! in thy word	2
Father, to thee my soul I lift	21
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	156
Few are thy days, and full of woe	188
For a season call'd to part	644
Forever here my rest shall be	251
Forever with the Lord	270
For man the Saviour shed	515
For mercies countless as the sands	464
For thee, oh dear, dear country	277
For thy dear saint, O Lord	519
For thy mercy and thy grace	340
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	297
Forth flames the standard of our King	388
Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go	265
Forty days, and forty nights	362
Fountain of good, to own thy love	493
Fountain of mercy, God of love	84
From all that dwell below the skies	103
From every stormy wind that blows	529

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
From Greenland's icy mountains	107
From highest heaven th' Eternal Son	292
From whence these direful omens sound	65
Full of trembling expectation	595
Glorious things of thee are spoken	215
Glory be to Jesus	376
Glory to thee, my God, this night	168
Glory to the Father give	111
God eternal, mighty King	486
God is in his holy temple	301
God moves in a mysterious way	12
God! my supporter and my hope	554
God of grace, O let thy light	479
God of mercy, God of grace	347
God of my life, through all its days	562
God of our fathers, by whose hand	202
God of our life, to thee we call	608
God of the seas, thine awful voice	118
God the Creator bless'd	300
God the Father, from thy throne	413
God the Lord a King remaineth	497
God who madest earth and heaven	634
Go forth, ye heralds, in my Name	97
"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord	98
Go to dark Gethsemane	230
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	23
Great first of beings! mighty Lord	3
Great God, as seasons disappear	241
Great God, this sacred day of thine	34
Great God, to thee my evening song	169
Great God, what do I see and hear	194
Great God, who, hid from mortal sight	660
Great God, with wonder and with praise	1
Great High-Priest, we view thee stooping	385
Great High-Priest, who deign'dst to be	563
Great Mover of all hearts, whose hand	358
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear	472
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	177
Hail the day that sees him rise	234
Hail! thou long expected Jesus	42
Hail, thou once despised Jesus	229
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	54
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	218
Hark! a voice divides the sky	652
Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound	189
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord	558
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	41
Hark! the herald angels sing	45
Hark! the song of jubilee	353
Hark! what mean those holy voices	223
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	129
Head of the hosts in glory	294
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan	158
Hearts of stone, relent, relent	391
Hear what the voice from heaven declares	124
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	72
He's come, let every knee be bent	76

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Heirs of unending life	210
He is risen, he is risen	395
Here, in thy Name, eternal God	471
He, who once in righteous vengeance	375
High on the bending willows hung	67
His trial o'er, and now beneath	389
Holy Father, great Creator	239
Holy Ghost! with light divine	430
Holy, holy, holy Lord	442
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	439
Holy, holy, holy Lord	423
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	427
Hosanna to the living Lord	222
Hosanna to the Prince of light	418
How beauteous are their feet	52
How blessed, from the bonds of sin	617
How blest were they who walked in love	356
How bright those glorious spirits shine	513
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	144
How helpless guilty nature lies	20
How long shall earth's alluring toys	197
How oft, alas! this wretched heart	59
How rich thy favours God of grace	585
How short the race our friend has run	126
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	255
How welcome was the call	501
How wondrous and great	109
If human kindness meets return	465
I love thy kingdom, Lord	25
In grief and fear to thee, O Lord	447
In loud exalted strains	35
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	173
In the sun, and moon, and stars	327
In the vineyard of our Father	484
In thy Name, O Lord, assembling	310
I sing the almighty power of God	282
Israel in ancient days	280
I think when I read that sweet story of old	490
I want to be like Jesus	651
I would not live alway: I ask not to stay	187
Jesu, grant me this, I pray	549
Jesu, meek and gentle	535
Jesu, meek and lowly	384
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all	570
Jesu, our hope, our heart's desire	417
Jesu! the very thought is sweet	349
Jesu, the very thought of thee	567
Jesu, the world's redeeming Lord	411
Jesu, thy mercies are untold	565
Jesus, and shall it ever be	175
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	233
Jesus, I my cross have taken	616
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold	424
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	226
Jesus lives! no longer now	410
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before thee	369
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	544

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	547
Jesus, my strength, my hope	176
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	143
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	102
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us	649
Jesus! the very thought of thee	253
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	252
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	303
Jerusalem! high tow'r thy glorious walls	658
Jerusalem, my happy home	271
Jerusalem, my happy home	663
Jerusalem, the golden	276
Join all the glorious names	287
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	148
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	352
Just as I am, without one plea	250
Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake	296
Let heaven arise, let earth appear	4
Let me not, thou King Eternal	274
Let saints on earth in concert sing	611
Let worldly minds the world pursue	174
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high	400
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	322
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky	403
Like Noah's weary dove	24
Little travellers Zionward	489
Lo! from the desert homes	504
Lo! he comes in clouds descending	320
Lo! Jesus stands with open arms	524
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious	421
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	614
Lord, at thy temple we appear	336
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	40
Lord, for the just thou dost provide	120
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	237
Lord, go with us, and we go	495
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	113
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine	463
Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear	308
Lord, in this thy mercy's day	365
Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead	412
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	492
Lord, my God, I long to know	151
Lord of life, all praise excelling	117
Lord of the harvest, hear	478
Lord of the harvest, once again	458
Lord of the worlds above	304
Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high	502
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	531
Lord, thine appointed servants bless	468
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven	256
Lord, thy word abideth	281
Lord, unafflicted, undismayed	161
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	363
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	150
Love Divine, all love excelling	561
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	212

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	397
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	311
Mercy, descending from above	114
Messiah ! at thy glad approach	325
Mortals, awake ; with angels join	332
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	227
My faith looks up to thee	243
My God, accept my heart this day	244
My God, and is thy table spread	94
My God, how endless is thy love	642
My God, how wonderful thou art	637
My God, I love thee, not because	254
My God, my Father, while I stray	605
My God, my King, thy various praise	580
My God, permit me not to be	57
My God, since thou hast raised me up	123
My God ! the covenant of thy love	457
My God, when at thy throne I bend	540
My grateful soul, for ever praise	19
My opening eyes with rapture see	37
My Saviour, as thou wilt	263
My Saviour hanging on the tree	64
My Saviour, on the word of truth	557
My song shall bless the Lord of all	335
My spirit longeth for thee	580
Nay, I cannot let thee go	619
Nearer, my God, to thee	267
New every morning is the love	622
No blood of bird or beast	288
No more, my God, I boast no more	543
Not by the martyrs' death alone	516
Not to the terrors of the Lord	26
Not with our mortal eyes	583
Now at the Lamb's high royal feast	401
Now from the altar of our hearts	170
Now gird your patient loins again	220
Now may the God of grace and power	82
Now thank we all our God	455
Now the shades of night are gone	167
Now to the haven of thy breast	599
O Christ, who art the Light and Day	636
O Christ, who dost prepare a place	568
O come, all ye faithful	337
O come and mourn with me awhile	381
O come, let us raise	460
O come, my partners in distress	551
O come, O come, Emmanuel	318
O'er mountain-tops the mount of God	55
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	477
O Father, thou who hast created all	459
O for a thousand tongues, to sing	289
Of the Father's love begotten	338
Oft in danger, oft in woe	612
O God, of all the strength and power	627
O God of life, whose power benign	433
O God of love, O King of peace	446
O God of truth, O Lord of might	626

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN

O God, our help in ages past	285
O God, unseen yet ever near	467
O God, thy soldiers' great reward	514
O guardian of the Church Divine	503
O hallowed head! compell'd to bow	390
O happy day, that stays my choice	89
O, happy is the man who hears	204
O heavenly Jerusalem	508
O heavenly Word, Eternal Light	315
O help us, Lord, each hour of need	368
O help us, Lord; each hour of need	534
Oh for a closer walk with God	182
Oh for a heart to praise my God	260
Oh, glorious hope of perfect love	556
Oh lead me to the rock	601
O holy, holy, holy Lord	77
O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace	566
Oh, sacred head, now wounded	231
Oh, that my load of sin were gone	137
Oh! timely happy, timely wise	638
Oh, what if we are Christ's	604
O, in the morn of life, when youth	92
O Jesu, Lord of light and grace	623
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain	387
O let him, whose sorrow	606
O let triumphant faith dispel	141
O Lord, behold before thy throne	483
O Lord, how happy should we be	550
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	571
O Lord, in perfect bliss above	355
O Lord most high, Eternal King	414
O Lord, my best desire fulfil	662
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	470
O Lord thy counsels and thy care	621
O Lord, turn not thy face from me	364
O love divine, how sweet thou art	573
O love, how deep! how broad! how high	564
O love, who formedst me to wear	569
O Merciful Creator, hear	360
O mother dear, Jerusalem	657
Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be	221
Once more the solemn season calls	359
Once the angel started back	393
One sole baptismal sign	293
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	317
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	272
On Sion, and on Lebanon	106
On the mountain's top appearing	351
O praise our God to-day	494
O sacred head, surrounded	379
O Saviour, leave us not alone	366
O Saviour, who for man hast trod	415
O sinner, lift the eye of faith	377
O Spirit of the living God	104
O thou by long experience tried	586
O thou, from whom all goodness flows	603
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	135
O thou, to whose all-searching sight	60
O thou, who didst prepare	496

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
O thou who dost to man accord	361
O thou who hear'st the prayer of faith	546
O Trinity, most Blessed Light	635
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	434
Our Lord is risen from the dead	73
O, where shall rest be found	196
O wisdom, who o'er earth below	321
O worship the King	575
 Pain and toil are over now	 394
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan	130
Pleasant are thy courts above	298
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair	286
Pour out thy Spirit from on high	469
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	577
Praise, O praise our God and King	452
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him	576
Praise to God, immortal praise	83
Praise to God who reigns above	505
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	134
Prostrate, dear Jesus ! at thy feet	539
 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	 588
 Rejoice, rejoice, believers	 329
Rejoice to-day with one accord	454
Resting from his work to-day	383
Return, my roving heart ! return	367
Rich are the joys which cannot die	116
Ride on ! ride on in majesty	371
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	53
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	145
Rise, O my soul, the hours review	138
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	139
 Safely through another week	 646
Salvation doth to God belong	85
Salvation ! O the joyful sound	16
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	641
Saviour ! in mercy hear the sighs	645
Saviour, source of every blessing	18
Saviour, when in dust, to thee	56
Saviour, when night involves the skies	163
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	86
See, he comes ! whom every nation	219
See, in the vineyard of the Lord	49
Seek, my soul, the narrow gate	195
See the destined day arise	380
See the ransomed millions stand	328
Send out thy light and truth, O God	474
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	462
Should nature's charms, to please the eye	200
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	46
Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive	536
Since Christ our Passover is slain	63
Since I've known a Saviour's Name	185
Sing, Hallelujah ; sing	450
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love	22
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep	211

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	128
Sion's Daughter, weep no more	374
Six days of labour now are past	314
Softly now the light of day	172
Soldiers of Christ, arise	88
Songs of praise the angels sang	155
Son of the Highest, deign to cast	518
Soon and forever	555
Source of light and life divine	640
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	11
Sow in the morn thy seed	491
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	434
Spirit of Truth! on this thy day	238
Spirit, pour'd on Pentecost	426
Stand up and bless the Lord	302
Stand up, my soul, thy fears dismiss	425
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	136
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	268
Sweeter sounds than music knows	333
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	309
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	633
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	378
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	521
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	319
The Advent of our King	316
The ancient law departs	343
The atoning work is done	232
The billows swell, the winds are high	596
The Church has waited long	326
The day is past and gone	171
The eternal gifts of Christ the King	509
The gentle Saviour calls	87
The God of Abraham praise	152
The God of harvest praise	449
The God of life, whose constant care	50
The Heavenly Child in stature grows	346
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	278
The Lamb's high banquet called to share	405
The Lord ascendeth up on high	420
The Lord descended from above	443
The Lord is risen indeed	399
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	9
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake	324
The Lord will happiness divine	181
The mighty flood that rolls	647
The morning bright	190
The morning flowers display their sweets	205
The race that long in darkness pined	47
There is a blessed home	664
There is a book, who runs may read	357
There is a fold whence none can stray	261
There is a fountain filled with blood	214
There is a good and pleasant land	655
There is a happy land, far, far away	488
There is a land of pure delight	199
The roseate hues of early dawn	662
The royal banners forward go	372
The Saviour stood on Olivet	419

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
The Saviour, when to heaven, he rose	99
The Son of God goes forth to war	217
The spacious firmament on high	7
The Spirit, in our hearts	131
The starry firmament on high	279
The strain upraise of joy and praise	259
The sun is sinking fast	631
The voice at midnight came	500
The voice of free grace	290
The year is gone, beyond recall	341
They come, God's Messengers of love	506
This is the day the Lord hath made	31
Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee	247
Thou art gone up on high	416
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord	593
Thou art the Way, to thee alone	209
Though I should seek to wash me clean	14
Though I walk the downward shade	654
Thou, God, all glory, honour, power	93
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	559
Thou hidden source of calm repose	545
Thou very present aid	602
Thou, whom my soul admires above	618
Thou, whose Almighty word	240
Three in One, and One in Three	440
Through the day thy love has spared us	632
Thus speaks the High and Lofty One	207
Thy way is in the sea	552
Time hastens on; ye longing saints	48
'T is by thy strength the mountains stand	448
'T is finished; so the Saviour cried	66
'T is my happiness below	183
To Christ the Prince of peace	572
To Jesus, our exalted Lord	96
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	656
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	643
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	17
To thee let my first offerings rise	166
To the Name of our salvation	291
To thy temple I repair	38
Triumphant Sion! lift thy head	29
'T was on that dark, that doleful night	461
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	639
Vital spark of heavenly flame	191
Watchman! tell us of the night	323
We come not with a costly store	350
We give immortal praise	79
Welcome, sweet day of rest	32
We're travelling home to heaven above	527
We sing the praise of him who died	373
What a strange and wondrous story	482
What our Father does is well	445
What sinners value I resign	553
What star is this, with beams so bright	344
What various hindrances we meet	532
When all thy mercies, O my God	10

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
When daily I kneel down to pray	650
When dangers, woes, or death are nigh	121
When gathering clouds around I view	160
Whene'er the angry passions rise	178
When God of old came down from heaven	432
When his salvation bringing	481
When I can read my title clear	147
When I can trust my all with God	590
When in the hour of utmost need	607
When I survey the wondrous cross	62
When Jesus left his heavenly throne	112
When, Lord, to this our western land	105
When musing sorrow weeps the past	600
When, my Saviour, shall I be	589
When, rising from the bed of death	192
When, streaming from the eastern skies	162
When the worn spirit wants repose	628
When those we love are snatched away	125
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming	119
When we are raised from deep distress	122
Where high the heavenly temple stands	235
While angels thus, O Lord, rejoice	44
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	43
While thee I seek, protecting power	184
While with ceaseless course the sun	224
Who are these in bright array	201
Who are these like stars appearing	507
Who is this that comes from Edom	61
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	542
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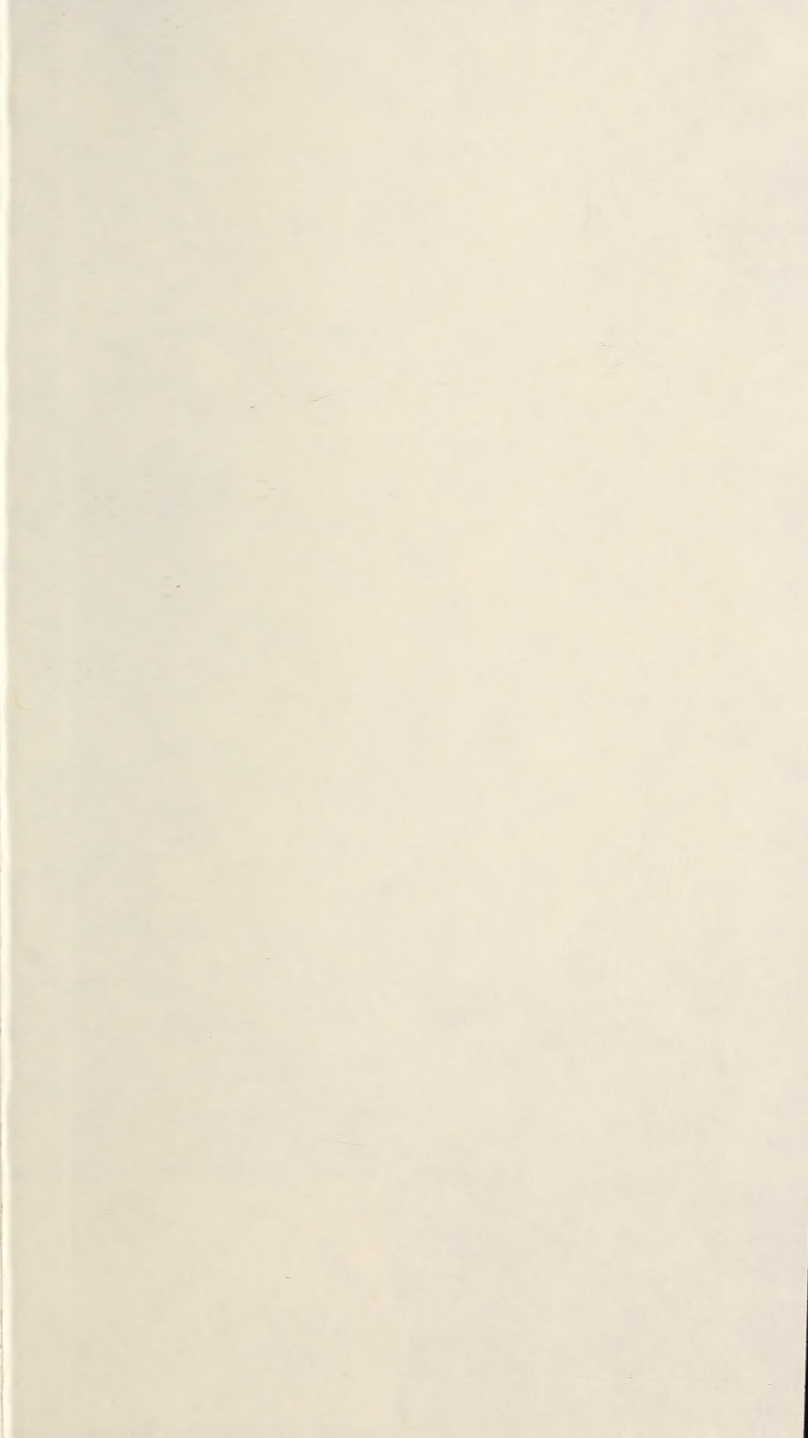
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